OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—NO. 6

JUNE 10, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

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WITH OUR READERS

Fair Profit Distribution

To the Editor: *Corsicana, Texas*

SIR—In response to your expressed interest in the reaction of your readers to your editorial, "One Way We Can Go," in the May 6 OUTLOOK, I am glad to say "Amen." Your suggestion is distinctly socialistic, but having already incorporated socialistic principles in so many governmental activities, we should not be disturbed by that. It is in direct line with the suggestion heretofore made that the government plan ahead and be ready in times of depression to put the unemployed to work on government projects.

Just how soon, however, the people can be educated to the point where they will demand such action is problematic. Meanwhile we must consider other suggestions.

Many years ago a manufacturer in Illinois worked out a plan for sharing the profits of his business. His first step was to share the profits with his employees. Then he saw that the profits came to him as a result of, not only the efforts of himself and his workmen, but also the efforts of his customers; so he brought them into the profit-sharing scheme.

If he had gone one step further—induced his customers to share their profits with their customers—it would seem that a fair distribution of the profits of the business among all who contributed directly to their creation could have been secured.

In this day, when the importance of unselfishness, of the square deal, is recognized by so many of our leading business men, is it Utopian to think that many of them, possibly most of them, might come to see the wisdom of such a profit-sharing plan and adopt it? And if the profits of industry were thus shared, would it not go far, very far, toward eliminating the causes of such business depressions as the present?

The theoretically ideal condition is that the wages of each worker shall be sufficient to buy the equivalent in value of what he produces. The theoretically ideal rate of wages is the value of the worker to the enterprise. As Elbert Hubbard said long ago, the value of a worker is in almost direct proportion to the amount of supervision he requires. Is it then too much to hope that business men may come to recognize these ideals and, recognizing them, try to approximate them?

In a world where, at a time when, every doctrine, every theory, every pronouncement, religious, scientific, social, economic, is questioned; where the test of everything is "does it work?", may we not look to see even conservative capitalism face this problem of distribution? It must be solved.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

Red Herring

To the Editor: *Omaha, Neb.*

SIR—Lyford P. Edwards, in his book, *The Natural History of Revolution*, tells that in the fifteenth century the people of England suffered from the abuses in the church until they were at the point of taking the land and unjustified powers and privileges from a corrupt clergy. However, the clergy was clever and foresighted enough to incite the country to war against France. The war against France being successful the people forgot their grievances against the overprivileged oppressor priests, and failed to free the country for nearly a century. The church maintained its corrupted self by diverting the attention of the people to an innocent enemy and by using public energies in a futile war.

The people of the United States know there is something wrong and are ready to legislate a change, but it is doubtful if their attention is directed to the real enemy. Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison assure us that prohibition, properly enforced, brings prosperity. Many religious organizations, the Anti-Saloon League and various women's clubs, put all their moral energies into this one fight. However, the proponents of prohibition are not the only ones guilty of thus diverting attention. How often have we heard that there would be no grain surplus if it were not for prohibition. What does the OUTLOOK blame for lawlessness, racketeering, corruption, gangs, etc.? How much of its editorial energy is wasted in a futile battle when the real enemy is elsewhere? Cannot the leaders of American thought focus attention more truly?

GLENN GRIFFITH.

Sponsored Movies

To the Editor: *Allentown, Pa.*

SIR—I would like to say that my observation did not bear out the contention of Mr. Darwin Teilhet in "Propaganda Stealing the Movies" that the Fox stock advertising film of 1929 received no audience objection. I saw the film displayed in theatres in Philadelphia and heard a flood of displeasure that amounted to whistling; and at Allentown I found a milder reaction. I found that particular piece of effrontery so offensive and annoying that Fox Films fell from bottom place in the Big Five, through the bottom—and out. In the future I hope they will use this new film that Eastman has made for the industry in catching more of those travel scenes they used to make instead of the facial contortions of some stock salesman, who talks about good will when we are more interested in good pictures.

And now the National Vaudeville Artists outfit out-advertises the advertisers with their current fund-seeking film in which they get the mild cigarette to pay for the film and then steal not only the jewels but the advertising value of the film (if any) as well.

I for one wish to register a vehement protest against such an outrage as seeing paid advertising on the screen of a theatre which is ostensibly for amusement. Let that feature be confined to and reserved until the day of television. My only suggestion of compromise would be that the impatient advertisers carry the news reel theatres one step further and offer an additional program of interesting ads. It would only be necessary to offer stock quotations and some nice weather reports and we would have a visible newspaper which would be a boon to those who can't read. But who cares?

ELVIN E. HARRINGTON.

Condensing the Classics

To the Editor: *Fairfield, Conn.*

SIR—I enjoyed thoroughly "Prose and Worse" in your May 27th issue—the section that "razzed" *One Hundred Best Novels Condensed*. Obviously you will never have the pleasure of advertising this book, but isn't it worth it in the subscribers you must gain by your straightforwardness and fascinating boldness? The long list of books that only those "unusually well read" have read was a revelation to me, for I had read well over half of this list—this list which it would be a sacrilege for any would-be "well-known author" to condense. As Mr. Brooks says, imagine condensing *Alice in Wonderland*. Or imagine reading *David Copperfield* in twenty minutes! No thanks. I'll keep my $1.98 to get an uncondensed copy of *Quo Vadis*.

STUART STEVENSON.

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"THESE TEMPORARY REVERSES IN THE MARCH OF PROGRESS"—Mr. Hoover at Valley Forge

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

June 10, 1931

Trend of the Week

The Seabury Swath

DURING the closing days of May Samuel Seabury widened the swath he has been cutting as referee for the inquiry into the lower courts of New York City. On May 28 he advised the State Supreme Court, which ordered the inquiry last summer, that Mrs. Jean Norris, Manhattan's only woman magistrate, was unfit for judicial office, and on the following day he cited sixteen lawyers as unfit to remain in their profession. Judge Seabury asked that the lawyers be disbarred for bribery and that Magistrate Norris be removed on charges including distortion of court records, violation of the judicial law by holding stock in a bonding company, unbecoming conduct in authorizing the use of her name and picture in a yeast advertisement and "callous disregard of the rights of defendants in Women's Court."

Viewed as evidence of what can be done to eliminate the weeds of graft and corruption which grow up in our municipal governments, these cases are of considerable import. Along with the resignations of several New York City magistrates and the dismissals, demotions and convictions of patrolmen caught in the Seabury path, they give citizens of all American cities something hopeful to think about. And there is more to come. While Judge Seabury has suspended the limited investigation into the lower courts, he is opening a full investigation into New York City's government as counsel for a committee of the New York State Legislature. Herein he may spot and cut down more and larger weeds, thereby encouraging citizens of New York and other cities to be skeptical of their skepticism concerning the value of investigations.

Lincoln as Schizoid

IT IS no small feat to settle a problem in psychiatry by waving the American Flag. Yet that appears to have been the aim of Dr. Edward Everett Hicks, Brooklynite, psychiatrist, Son of the American Revolution and member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Some time ago Dr. A. A. Brill, outstanding disciple of Freud and former head of the psychiatry clinic at Columbia University, indicated that he would speak on "Abraham Lincoln as a Humorist" at the Toronto convention of the American Psychiatric Association on June 5. Dr. Brill, interested in Lincoln's love of racy stories, believes that he "undoubtedly suffered from some psychotic manifestation," that he was "a schizoid-manic personality" and that one authority's "oral erotic theory in manic-depressive psychosis is fully confirmed by the study of this phase of Abraham Lincoln."

Dr. Hicks did not attempt to prove that this was bad psychiatry. Neither did he point out—as it seems to the layman he might have done—that whatever Lincoln was evidently was a pretty good thing to be. He contented himself with denouncing "the murder of the reputation of a great patriot" and declaring: "I feel this proposed address is an insult to right-thinking Americans." "Blaspheming the memory of the immortal dead should cease," he said, meaning, apparently, that discussion of the immortal dead should cease.

It is an entertaining little controversy, though it would scarcely deserve notice were not Dr. Hicks' protest merely a part of the widespread and familiar effort to substitute adulation for understanding of national heroes. A peculiar thing, this well-developed tendency—is it an instinct?—toward blind and dogged hero-worship. Can Dr. Hicks or Dr. Brill explain it?

Hoover at Valley Forge

IF WE READ Mr. Hoover's Memorial Day Address at Valley Forge correctly, the message he sought to convey to the public was, briefly, "Suffer in silence." "The American people are going through another Valley Forge at this time," he said. "To each and every one of us it is an hour of unusual stress and trial . . . . Many have lost the savings of a lifetime, many are unemployed, all know the misgivings of doubt and grave concern for the future." So the thing for us to do, he said, is to emulate the Continental Army at Valley Forge, accept no counsels of an easy path to an easy end of our privations but, instead, cultivate the virtues of fortitude, self-reliance, independence and steadfastness.

For at least two reasons, this strikes us as an unimpressive message, to put it very mildly. The first is the flaw in the parallel. Valley Forge was not merely the scene of patient suffering; it was the scene of applied, intelligent leadership. It was there that the leaders of the Continental Army trained their troops, so that when they came out of Valley Forge they came out fighting, a more efficient army than they had ever been before. The Hoover Administration has given

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us no similar leadership today.

Again, how can the American people be expected to rejoice over the Valley

International

FOLLOWER OF FREUD
Dr. A. A. Brill, prominent psychiatrist of New York City

Forge message, coming as it does from a man who conducted his whole presidential campaign on the idea that his party was responsible for the country's prosperity, and that if he were elected and his fellow-Republicans were returned to power, that prosperity would be not only preserved but enhanced? We agree with Mr. Hoover when he says that "we must not be misled by the claim that the source of all wisdom is in the government." We agree with him again when he says that we cannot be extricated from our present plight "by any single stroke, by any one strategy sprung from the mind of any single genius." But what a far cry this is from the "Republican prosperity" slogan of which he was the chief disseminator in 1928. And what a poor excuse it is for his Administration's lack of leadership to say that we cannot be saved by any single stroke or strategy and then let that constitute a defense for its policy of making virtually no stroke, of exercising practically no strategy, at all.

▶▶*Blind Leadership*

Shrewd and loyal Republicans must be irritated as they note the kind of leadership their party is getting from its National Committee. It must be plain to them that at least two issues, prohibition and the tariff, will figure prominently in the 1932 election and that the Republican National Committee is hopelessly involved on the wrong side of each.

That the wet side of the prohibition issue is steadily gaining strength, and the dry side steadily losing strength, seems clear beyond dispute. Yet here is an aggressive dry, Robert H. Lucas, functioning as Executive Director of the Republican National Committee, and here is Simeon D. Fess, chairman of that committee, a member of the Methodist Prohibition Board. The effect of this is to make the National Committee appear, not only dry, but as dry as the Methodist Board itself.

It must be plain, too, that business men in general are becoming ever more dubious about the Hawley-Smoot tariff law enacted by Congress in June, 1930, though some of them are still too timid to say so. Yet here is the Republican National Committee declaring on May 29 that "there is now ample evidence to show that under present conditions the rates in the Hawley-Smoot tariff are no more than adequate in many instances, and in some cases, perhaps, not high enough." On the very day this statement was made Franklin D. Roosevelt, the probable Democratic presidential nominee in 1932, called the Hawley-Smoot law "one of the most important factors in the present worldwide depression." Said Mr. Roosevelt: "This tariff law proved from the day it was passed a serious hindrance in the interchange of goods known as world trade .... The United States cannot expect merely to sell its goods without buying other goods in return, and a flow of goods throughout the world markets must be restored. Our present tariff law is one of the most serious obstacles to the return of prosperity."

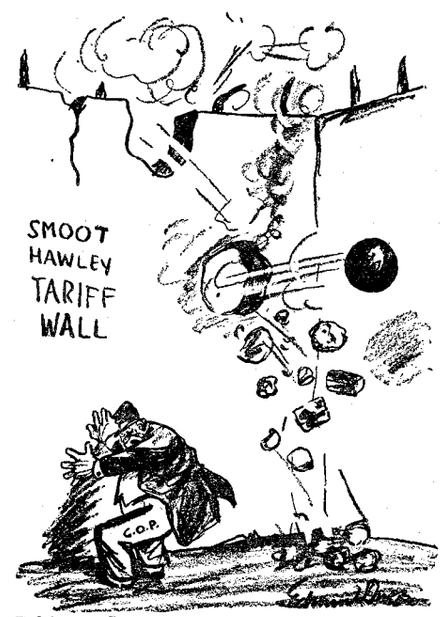
In other words, the Democrats have preëmpted the lower-tariff issue just as they have preëmpted the wet issue, while the Republican National Committee has continued to battle blindly for losing causes. Long-headed Republicans may be beginning to wonder whether it is not high time their party were saved from its leaders.

▶▶*From Bad to Worse*

On February 16, a few minutes before the House passed his bonus measure permitting world war veterans to borrow up to fifty per cent of their insurance certificates' face value, Representative Bacharach of New Jersey predicted that "the amount of money borrowed will not amount to more than $350,000,000." On May 27, with applications for loans pouring in at the rate of 35,000 a week, the Veterans' administration at Washington revealed that the loans had already amounted to more than $1,000,000,000.

This discrepancy between prediction and result is but one example of how events have been disproving what the friends of the bonus bill said for it and proving what its foes said against it. There are many other examples. In the closing days of Congress the proponents of cashing-the-bonus legislation usually had one of two arguments, though some simply and frankly admitted to a fear of the veterans' vote. On the one hand, there was the argument that only the needy veterans would apply for loans—an argument exploded by the fact that up to May 27 loans had been requested by 1,959,000, or more than half, of the veterans holding certificates. Saying that fifty per cent of the veterans are needy would be as ridiculous as saying that the nation is now enjoying prosperity. And that disposes of the second argument, which was that, if a vast sum of money were loaned to the veterans, it would stimulate business and practically produce prosperity over night.

Now that the case for the bonus has been exploded, the worst is yet to come. Washington correspondents are already discussing the agitation for Congress to cash each veteran's entire insurance certificate when it meets in December. Whatever becomes of this move, it is plain that Congress has cleared the way



Baltimore Sun

GETTING TERRIFIC

for more raids on the treasury. Loaning the veteran fifty per cent of his certificate, Congress has fixed it so that prac-

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tically all of the fifty per cent remaining will be eaten up by interest charges, which few of the veterans are likely to pay. Hence the average veteran has spent the sum originally set aside for him. But, knowing that there's more where that came from whenever they crack the whip over Congress hard enough, what may the greedy elements among the veterans be expected to do? What else but crack the whip again? The direct results of what Congress did for the veteran in its last session were bad enough. The indirect results are likely to prove still worse.

▶▶*Our Lucky Fifty-Five*

WITH fifty-five Americans among the 627 persons who will win prizes ranging from $4,000 to $150,000 in the Irish Hospitals' Sweepstakes on the English Derby, it is time to stop, look and think again about American laws which discourage the establishment of honestly conducted lotteries of this sort in the United States. We questioned the reasonableness of these laws early in April, when the Woods family of Buffalo won $860,000 in the Irish Hospitals' sweepstakes on the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England. We said then that there seemed little reason for the existence of such laws, since sweepstakes provided a harmless and entertaining form of gambling, since the average American is a gambler at heart and since, in any case, the laws were unenforceable. We had occasion to repeat these observations later in the month when by mere chance a customs inspector at New York detected 1,000,000 Irish Hospitals' sweepstakes tickets on the Derby which were being smuggled into this country. Examination of the incident showed, not how hard and hazardous, but how easy and profitable it was to smuggle sweepstakes tickets into the United States. Hence we predicted that, despite our laws, the number of tickets sold here this year would be determined solely by the amount of money available for that form of investment.

Evidently our prophecy is coming true. With fifty-five, or one-eleventh, of the 627 lucky tickets held by Americans, it would seem that, unless they were extraordinarily lucky, they and their countrymen must have bought somewhere near half a million of the 7,000,000 tickets. Which goes to prove our point, that America might as well have sweepstakes tickets of its own, for if it doesn't it will simply have some other country's.

▶▶*Piccard's Adventure*

WE DO NOT KNOW whether or not that Swiss-Belgian professor, Auguste Piccard, and his colleague Kipfer, who went up ten miles in a balloon, obtained enough new data to justify the feat on scientific grounds. We do know, as you do, that he made a bang-up good balloon ascension and the front pages of all the newspapers.

It seems to be the general impression that, because ten miles is higher up than any human being has ever been before, it is the best altitude record science possesses. As a matter of fact, decades ago meteorologists had thoroughly explored the atmosphere up to a record of nearly twenty-two miles by the use of spherical balloons which, about eight feet in diameter, carry aloft self-registering thermometers, barometers and other apparatus recoverable after it descends. Weather bureau officials are as familiar with such methods as Babe Ruth is with a bat; hence the Professor cannot have added much new knowledge in this field.

What Professor Piccard stresses most is research on the cosmic ray. Yet here again he has been anticipated by Millikan and Bowen, who investigated these rays at the same height—ten miles—by means of a sounding balloon in 1921. Last autumn he told newspapermen that the practical peg his intended cosmic ray research was hung on was the hope of learning to get at the vast, untapped energy within the atom. Possibly he has some surprise for the world along this line. Meanwhile, perhaps the best way to regard his balloon ascension is as an adventure. As such it was superlatively conceived and executed.

▶▶*Il Duce vs. the Pope*

THE CLASH BETWEEN Fascists and Catholics in Italy will interest Americans first because it is a conflict between church and state—a kind of quarrel with which they are familiar—and, secondly, because it is a dramatic duel between two iron-minded men of international stature. To millions of persons Mussolini and Pius XI are the two infallibles of the world today. It is a mistake to assume that their conflict constitutes an unprecedented break in an era of good feeling between the Vatican and the Quirinal beginning with the treaty of 1929, which established the minute Vatican State and recognized the temporal power of the Pope within it. Though the present dispute is the most serious, it is but one of a series which has followed that treaty. It came about in this wise:

On May 26 the Fascist newspaper *Lavoro Fascista* charged that leaders of the Catholic Action, the name given to groups of some 15,000 church clubs, had urged that it extend its activities into the field of politics. Political activity was forbidden the Catholic Action by the treaty of 1929 and, since it would presumably be directed against the Fascists, by Fascism itself, which brooks no opposition. Though the charges were denied by the semi-official Vatican news-

Wide World

BRAIN-BASKETS FOR BALLOONISTS

Auguste Piccard and Charles Kipfer, wearing helmets to protect them from sudden drops

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paper *Osservatore Romano,* disorder and outbreaks against the Catholics followed. The Pope and Il Duce thereupon stepped in, the former placing the Catholic Action more closely under his own wing, the latter ordering that Catholic Action clubs be closed. Hence Fascist charges that the Catholics had broken the treaty by pointing the Catholic Action into politics brought Catholic counter-charges that the Italian government had broken it by interfering with the Catholic Action.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the trouble, the news as we go to press suggests that it will be patched up, though neither Mussolini nor Pope Pius has the compromising habit and though both fear to lose strength by being bested. Neither wishes to see the settlement of 1929 die in infancy. Yet patching up the present conflict is not solving the fundamental difficulty—the coexistence in the same country of two powerful systems with clashing ideals. The past two years have tended to substantiate the analysis presented in the Outlook of October 9, 1929, by Gaetano Salvemini, formerly professor of history at the University of Florence. "The disputes between Catholics and Fascists," he wrote, "will go on and will grow more and more sharp, until some fine day the Fascists get tired of obeying the Pope or the Italians get tired of obeying both the Pope and Mussolini."

▶▶*The Council Pussyfoots*

The delegates to the National Foreign Trade Council convention in New York ran off their meeting smoothly but when it came to the tariff acted like a balky horse at the barrier. Throughout the meeting most of them seemed convinced that the Hawley-Smoot tariff rates were too high and devoted more time to this than to any other subject. Yet the council did not even mention the tariff issue when it came to drawing up a final declaration of policy.

It is hard to see why. Perhaps the delegates were motivated by political influence, though this is improbable. Perhaps they shied from any recommendation of lower tariff rates because of the extreme and impracticable position taken by some delegates who favored a flat reduction of from twenty-five to fifty per cent in all rates. And perhaps the delegates simply despaired when they heard Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, contend that the Hawley-Smoot tariff had not been the cause of the subsequent tariff retaliations by other countries. Unfortunately for Dr. Klein's strange argument, Ambassador Malbran of Argentina told the council plainly that the Hawley-Smoot bill was leading his country to jack up its own tariff rates against American goods.

The council's declaration of policy

International

LAMONT'S LIEUTENANT
Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce

was practically confined to recommending an advance in commodity prices on the ground that "it is rising prices that stimulate buying and consumption and a return of prosperous times." But is it? Might not some economists argue that higher prices are a result rather than a cause of prosperity and do not still others, including many bankers, argue that if prosperity is to be restored prices must be drastically lowered even if this entails a general and sweeping reduction in wages? The upshot of all this is that the council's meeting resembled the recent convention of the International Chamber of Commerce, which was noted for doing nothing to get us out of our mess and for drawing up recommendations of an evasive, pussyfooting nature which business men would scoff at if they came from politicians.

▶▶*Victory for Free Press*

The Supreme Court of the United States has invalidated Minnesota's "press gag" law providing for the suppression, as a public nuisance, of a "malicious, scandalous and defamatory newspaper, magazine or other periodical." The decision cannot be praised or treasured too highly.

Here was a law, enacted in 1925 by the Minnesota legislature, sustained by the district court and the Supreme Court of that state. Here was *The Saturday Press,* a Minneapolis weekly, whose publication had been enjoined under the law because it published articles charging that the Minneapolis chief of police was connected with gangsters and grafters, that the county attorney knew of existing conditions but failed to act against them, that the mayor was inefficient and derelict in his duty and that, in other respects, official Minneapolis was winking at gangdom. It was a practical case of great importance. Deciding that the law is unconstitutional, the Supreme Court has knocked the props out from under a situation dangerous not only to the press itself but to society at large. In general, as matters stand, a periodical haled into court on charges of libel must prove that its statements were true—a limitation sufficient to restrain any editor and to protect any honest official. As this law had it—and as others might have had it if this one had been upheld—the publication could be suppressed, a prospect of which would deter many publications from striking out against corruption in high places, and that at a time when, the decision held, "administration of government has become more complex, the opportunities of malfeasance and corruption have multiplied, crime has grown to its most dangerous proportions, and the danger of its protection by unfaithful officials and of the impairment of the fundamental security of life and property by criminal alliances and official neglect emphasizes the primary need of a vigilant and courageous press, especially in great cities." Under any law like Minnesota's no such press would be possible.

Thanks are due to Chief Justice Hughes and to Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Stone and Roberts, who returned the majority opinion. And here is the second bright side of the case: the Su-

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preme Court has become a liberal court. That, the most important development in Washington for a decade, has resulted from the appointment of Hughes and Roberts who have been deciding in case after case with our old friends, Justices Stone, Brandeis and Holmes. Occasionally one of the first three may become over-conservative—as Roberts did in the Canadian citizenship cases—but in general they are dependable liberals. The influence of this on American life will prove large indeed.

▶▶*Worth of World Court*

AMID the denunciations and counter-denunciations bred by the proposed Austro-German customs union, many Americans failed to notice that the issue was finally referred to the World Court. Yet the fact should interest them, since it demonstrates again why this tribunal deserves the adherence of the United States.

Condensed, the story is this:

Austria and Germany had drawn up plans for their customs union only to find them opposed by other European nations, notably by France and Italy. France had insisted that the union would be illegal, since it would violate treaties signed by Germany and Austria. Germany and Austria had denied that the union would violate the treaties and, despite French protests, indicated that they would proceed with their plans. Eventually the three agreed to refer the matter to the League of Nations Council and, on May 19, the Council, France, Germany and Austria assenting, submitted the question of the legality of the union to the World Court for an advisory opinion.

The future of the controversy is doubtful. If the Court, which hopes to deliver a verdict before September, rules the union illegal there is but slim chance that Germany and Austria will go ahead anyway. But if the Court rules it legal it is possible that France will claim that, though legal, it is inadvisable and attempt to kill it anyway. Meanwhile the decision at Geneva stands out as a tribute to League and Court alike. Because of the League and the Court a dangerous situation has become much less dangerous. Whether or not the quarrel ever warms up again, the fact remains that the League and the Court have proved to be effective refrigerators at a time when a cooling-off period was the one thing that Europe needed. The value of the Court should now be apparent to all Americans. The United States Senate should ratify the protocols providing for American adherence as soon as it convenes in December.

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 192.

In no country are conditions so good or prospects so fine as in the United States.—THOMAS W. LAMONT.

Miss Helen Deinlein, 2735 Ridge Road, Evanston, Ill., $5 prize.

The average man in America is economically better off today and has wider liberties and broader opportunities, than in any previous decade of our national history.—SECRETARY ARTHUR M. HYDE.

Miss Marie Rasmussen, Ontario, Oregon, $2 prize.

Of course we can keep up wages. The only thing we need to do is to think we can.—HENRY FORD.

Wm. T. Merritt, 521 Twelfth St., N. W., Canton, Ohio, $2 prize.

Whatever the losses sustained during the past two years, the world has gained materially by the chastening discipline of hard times.—JAMES A. FARRELL.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $2 prize.

It is not because Capone is different that he takes the imagination: it is because he is so gorgeously and typically American.—KATHERINE FULLERTON GEROULD.

Edward C. Newson, Jr., 1850 Liberty St., Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

We have to take the world as it is. —CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Miss Frances Gelfer, 15 Electric St., Patchogue, N. Y., $2 prize.

I am a bourgeois and want to live here [in France] like a bourgeois.—EX-KING ALFONSO.

A. M. Lister, 3827 P, Galveston, Texas, $2 prize.

Women and politics should be quits. Neither has done the other any good. A woman in politics is like a dog walking on his hind legs.—DR. CHARLES SHAW.

Mrs. Geo. W. Johnson, 220 E. Burke St., Martinsburg, W. Va., $2 prize.

Properly played, the jew's-harp expresses the human soul.—GOV. HUEY P. LONG.

O. E. Gilleland, 1715 Martha St., Munhall, Pa., $2 prize.

A millionaire in 1931 is a man with $700 in cash.—THOMAS E. MONKS.

Mrs. Harriet M. Erdman, 521 12th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio, $2 prize.

▶▶*No Bear-Baiting*

RUMORS HAVE BEEN flying about in swarms since the New York Stock Exchange on May 26 sent a questionnaire to its members to determine the extent of the short interest in the market. The gist of them is that, at the instigation or with the approval of official Washington, the Stock Exchange intends to put checkreins on the bears of Wall Street. Whatever weight these rumors have they gain from the fact that this is the third questionnaire of the sort which the Stock Exchange has issued in its history—the first was issued in November, 1917, the second in November, 1929—and from the fact that similar reports of a drive against short-sellers were current in October, 1930. In other words, they have very little weight or none at all.

It is hard to believe that the Stock Exchange contemplates a campaign against short selling or that there is any reason for it. The 1929 questionnaire indicated that the short interest had been greatly exaggerated and it is probable that this year's will tell a story essentially similar. Stock prices are low, not because of professional manipulations, but because of declines in earnings and dividends and the country's pessimism as to the immediate future of business. The bears do not deserve their evil reputation; their effect on security values has been wildly over-estimated. As President Whitney of the Stock Exchange has pointed out, "It is impossible for any individual or group of individuals to buy or sell securities in sufficient volume to affect the whole list."

There is but one apparent attitude for politicians and Stock Exchange officials to adopt toward the bears and that is the course they adopt toward the bulls—to leave them strictly alone. The very provision of the Stock Ex-

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change constitution which forbids the sale of securities to effect "a condition of demoralization in which prices will not fairly reflect market values" likewise forbids the purchase of securities for that purpose. If stock prices do not fairly reflect market values now, they reflect them as accurately as they did in 1929. Neither Government nor Stock Exchange officials could act against the bears today without confessing that they should have acted against the bulls two years ago. How is a bear trader who depresses stock prices more blameworthy than a bull trader who elevates these prices, encourages investors to buy at the top and leaves them there holding the bag?

▶▶*Courtauld the Strange*

WHAT manner of man is this Augustine Courtauld? Young meteorologist of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, he chose to spend the winter alone at a weather station in the interior of the Greenland ice cap. This in itself was enough to lift him above the common run of men, who, avoiding a week-end alone like a plague, were awed by the dénouement of the Courtauld drama during early May. Yet Courtauld's version of the drama is more impressive still.

Writing for the New York *Times,* Courtauld is nothing if not matter-of-fact. It was on December 6, 1930, that his two companions left him at the weather station and it was on May 5, 1931, that he, "day-dreaming in the sleeping bag after my morning meal," was startled by the three rescuers who subsequently brought him back to Angmagsalik. In the five months' interval Courtauld never saw or heard a human being. Indeed, on March 21 his last exit was snowed up and for six weeks he was confined far beneath the snow within the circular, dome-shaped tent but ten feet in diameter, eventually in almost complete darkness. "Many people might imagine that I was bored, living with no company and scenery and little occupation," he writes, "but this was far from being the case. One cannot be bored living an entirely novel life under such interesting conditions. My physical and mental condition, the weather, speculation about the work of the expedition and the doings of friends at home were the subjects which fully occupied my mind. . . . I had one serious dread, that some hysterical person would send an airplane which would land and be unable to take off again, so that I should have to feed and house its crew."

Surely a life which at best would have bored the average person to tears and at worst would have driven him insane from loneliness. Yet it bothered Courtauld not at all. We repeat, what manner of man is this?

▶▶*The Toscanini Affair*

WHEN Arturo Toscanini goes from Milan to Baireuth on June 15, he should go on a one-way ticket. Italy does not

Wide World

ILL-TREATED IN ITALY
Arturo Toscanini, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra

deserve to have him return. Why should he submit to brutality in Italy when heavy rewards and the utmost consideration await him elsewhere? Italy, to be sure, is Toscanini's country, but she has shown no true appreciation of his genius. Chauvinism has come in at Italy's door and, inevitably, her sense of proportion has flown out at the window.

Otherwise the affair at Bologna would not have happened, or, having happened, would have had a different ending. It was in Bologna on May 14 that Toscanini, refusing to open a concert by playing the royal anthem and the Fascist hymn—"I came to conduct a concert," he said, "not to play anthems"—was set upon by Fascist youths who demonstrated the purity of their patriotism by punching the slight, ailing, sixty-four-year-old conductor in the face. A week later friends who had telephoned to his house in Milan reported that his passport had been taken from him and that he was a "voluntary" prisoner in his home. Followed widespread protests in the press of the world and sharp refusals from two other well-known conductors, Serge Koussevitzky and Ossip Gabrilowitsch of the Boston and Detroit orchestras, to play in Italy. Then, two weeks after the attack on Toscanini, came a peculiarly long delayed statement from his sister denying the curtailment of his liberty or the withdrawal of his passport. No one has denied, however, that the Fascists who assaulted him are still unpunished.

It may be objected that the incident is a comparatively unimportant one in the ruthless march of Fascism. But that is just the point. Attacks on great individualists like Toscanini are to be expected in Italy, where nationalism rules the roost and the government's aim is the standardization of its citizens into millions of midget Mussolinis. In such a society, individualists have little place. Italy seems quite willing to dispense with individualism for the sake of Fascism. So why not let her? Since she insists that if Toscanini stays within her borders he must march in her nationalist parade, it would but serve her right if he left her borders forever behind him.

▶▶*Not Astonishing at All*

ATTORNEY GENERAL BENNETT of New York State has been heavily headlined of late because of the investigation which Governor Roosevelt ordered him to make into the activities of the Jack ("Legs") Diamond gang in Greene County. It is a sizable job and an opportunity for Mr. Bennett, an able official by all accounts, to make an outstanding name for himself. Thus there was considerable interest in his recent speech on racketeers, who have been digging ever deeper into our cities and are now spreading into rural districts within easy motoring distance of them.

"Much to my astonishment," Mr. Bennett said, "during my investigation of affairs in Greene County during the last three weeks, dozens of witnesses have come into my office to tell their story or to be questioned who have been absolutely afraid to tell their experiences with gangsters." What's astonishing about that? Has Mr. Bennett failed to note the widespread conviction that our system of justice is breaking down; that

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our agencies for law enforcement are unable to keep pace with the modern, organized criminal? The obvious, and appalling, fact is that much of our population nowadays has more respect for the power of the gang than for the power of the police, believing that the gangs are notable for getting what they want, while the police are far from notable for getting the gangs, though they are sometimes notable for getting in with them. Does Mr. Bennett expect the average citizen to feel a surge of confidence when he reads that a grand jury in Chicago, the second largest city in the country, has pointed to "a well-established three-cornered alliance between the Chicago police department, the corrupt politicians and the criminal element"?

As for citizens' experiences with gangsters, it is much easier for Mr. Bennett to advise them to tell all to the police than for them to tell anything. The way for public officials to restore the confidence of the citizenry is not to express astonishment at its timidity but to hammer away at gangsters until the citizen sees that his timidity is out of place.

▶▶*In Brief*

BRANDEIS and Holmes—and Hughes!—dissenting . . . . The hammered silver metaphor-mixer is awarded this week to Will H. Hays for the following: "As long as our billions are held in restraint, damned at the source, prosperity will keep gnawing at the hambone." . . . . Now that the Supreme Court has refused to review the conviction of Albert B. Fall, we can be perfectly confident that, at latest, this case will be brought to an end during the lifetime of our grandchildren . . . . No doubt it was sound enough, but do you suppose it was really necessary for Mr. Hoover to advise depression-ridden Americans not to place too much dependance on the government? . . . . "Why should any one object to all these novels with the word 'Virgin' in their titles?" said the Innocent Old Bystander the other day. "To me they suggest a commendable shift in emphasis." . . . . "Herbert Hoover," says George W. Wickersham, "is inevitably going to be renominated and sweepingly reëlected." At any rate, if he isn't it won't be the fault of Mr. Wickersham or of his dry commission of wets . . . . For President of that proposed French Academy of Wine: John C. Porter, now Mayor of Los Angeles.

Will Mr. Hoover Take the Lead?

IT IS ALL VERY WELL for the country to tighten its belt, as Mr. Hoover advised in his Valley Forge speech. But what then? What of tomorrow? As we suggest elsewhere, one of the most potent factors in holding together the ragged Continentals through that winter of despair was the fact that Washington was training them in order to lead them against the enemy in the spring. Washington had a plan. "Tighten your belts, for this is what we are going to do!" was Washington's inspiring plea. For which Mr. Hoover apparently substitutes merely, "Tighten your belts," and so far as we are able to discern suggests no plan either for the immediate offensive or a ten-year campaign.

For such a policy of *laissez-faire*—which being translated, in this case, means Let George Do It—there may be immediate, excellent justification, even outside political considerations. Immediate better business cannot be induced by political speeches. Doing nothing may be better than doing the wrong thing. So far as the present depression is concerned, we are in the soup.

Certain facts, nevertheless, are perfectly clear to those citizens of the country who are looking ahead, and who perceive the necessity for a general plan for the whole country. And for them Mr. Hoover's policy is not enough. One of these facts is that, the Red Cross aside, this business of charity and relief in our large cities has emerged at last in its true colors—as a menace. Not only is it belated and ineffective. Not only does it mean tearing down the moral fibre of large groups of self-respecting people who receive meager relief. In a larger sense, it means an immediate restriction at the worst possible moment of the buying power of those who provide the relief. It is in itself a contributing factor in prolonging a depression. If continued too long it can paralyze a community financially. Even at its best, it is nothing but a palliative, as cities like New York and Detroit, to mention only two, have already found out. In New York City, for instance, the Prosser Committee cared for ten thousand families during its existence at a weekly cost of $150,000. Yet today there are eighty thousand unemployed still in need in that city. In any major depression charity cannot be depended upon to solve the problem.

The same thing of course is true of any expedient which is adopted at the last moment in order to meet an emergency—be this expedient that of keeping up wages, of hastily devising public works or levying upon the income of those still employed in industry. All, like charity relief, are last-minute attempts on the part of the grasshopper who danced through the summer. None partake of the philosophy of preparing for a rainy day. They can not be successful because they do not constitute part of any general plan to save for the rainy day adopted at the beginning of the economic spring.

What, then, is to be done? At the present moment the city of Detroit, so we are informed by its comptroller, Mr. G. Hall Roosevelt, is considering a change in its charter whereby saving for a rainy day by a simple provision will hereafter be made mandatory upon that municipality. This provision will create an emergency unemployment fund which can be drawn upon immediately to construct municipal public works which have been planned in advance—the work to be set into motion whenever the governing powers declare unemployment in the city to have reached the proportions of public calamity. The unemployment fund will be created by requiring a certain proportion of the proceeds of all bond issues for general public improvements or public utilities to be set aside and deposited in a fund which can be drawn upon instantly in case of need. In brief, a local municipal public works program drawn along the line suggested by Senator Wagner and others, and financed in advance during days of prosperity.

Excellent as this idea appears to be, yet it is clear that it can only work to the best possible advantage of Detroit if other cities and towns adopt a similar policy and are backed in their efforts by a general economic plan for curbing over-production, stabilizing employment, balancing consumption—possibly by taxation on over-eager sales efforts—and in every way endeavoring to plan in advance against over-expansion in business, lest resultant depression strike again as vitally as at the present time. The elements of such a plan are already at hand as a result of the thinking and working of many men and many minds during the last ten years.

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The question arises, is Mr. Hoover to make any effort to pull together these various elements and assume a sadly needed leadership, which will back up such efforts as Detroit's with a general plan for the future? Such cities are definitely trying to lay plans so far as is in their power. Is *laissez-faire* to be the only word of Mr. Hoover on the subject? Must the country definitely look elsewhere for guidance and backing? If for no other reason than because of the immense authority of the office which Mr. Hoover fills, we sincerely hope not.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ALL is not well within the membership of the United States Supreme Court, we understand, since Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes and Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts—both appointed by Mr. Hoover—began to align themselves with the liberal group on the high tribunal. Their heresy, we hear, has puzzled and pained their conservative colleagues, who had, of course, counted on the two newest members as reinforcements. We may be mistaken, but we thought we noted a slight expression of weariness, if not disdain, on the face of some of Mr. Hughes' associates as he delivered an opinion upon which they had been outvoted by the "new majority." We do know that one member arose and quit the court before the Chief Justice had concluded. This is not an altogether uncommon occurrence, but, combined with other things, it indicated that this little coterie of elderly lawgivers is hardly a happy and harmonious family.

By the same sign, the liberal-minded group at the Capitol has had a pleasant surprise, and their one hope is that it will continue. Senator James Couzens, for example, voted against the Hughes nomination, but, on several occasions, he has wanted to send a letter of apology —and congratulation—to the Chief Justice. The Senator has, I know, confessed his error to President Hoover. The latter, I imagine, shares the views of some of the court rather than those of the Senator from Michigan. I do not believe that Mr. Hoover, in appointing Mr. Hughes, had any idea that the latter would join with Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Stone rather than with the tried and true conservatives.

If Mr. Hughes continues in the way he has begun, he will make it hard for some members of the court who, I hear, would like to resign. Justices Sutherland and McReynolds have not been in the best of health for some time, and there have been reports that they planned to retire soon. The appointment of another Hughes or Roberts in the event of resignations would hardly satisfy either Justice Sutherland or Justice McReynolds —no more than it would sit well with Justices Butler and Van Devanter. All four are eminently conservative men—it is in their blood and faith—and any radical recasting of the court is the last thing they desire. Since the surest safeguard is for them to stay put, I imagine there will not be much talk of quitting from now on.

Underwood

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

We do not credit Mr. Hughes' apparent change to a chastening of spirit inspired by the Senate's criticism of his career, as do so many commentators at the Capitol. If such considerations swayed Mr. Hughes, it would be, in my opinion, to move him in quite the opposite direction. If he is the man I judge him to be, the Senate's opposition would stiffen instead of soften him. It is my candid opinion that the "tail plucking," as one Senator dubbed the confirmation quarrel, did not affect him at all. Mr. Hughes, both friends and foes now concede, is a big man, and he wants to be bigger.

"He sees the statue of John Marshall," says one observer, "and he wants one just as big—or bigger."

There are those—and they include men now close to the Chief Justice—who think it too early to pass any judgment upon him. "Wait and see" is their attitude. Whatever the reason or permanence of the transformation may be, it is, in my opinion, the most interesting and significant development at the Capitol.

The influence of the Chief Justice upon his associates is incalculable, even though they may disagree with him, and when one has so sharp and logical a mind as Mr. Hughes has, it is bound to be even greater than ordinarily. The court procedure has been designed so as to minimize this influence at their round-table discussions of cases before them, but there is no way to eliminate it. At the court's informal conferences the youngest member opens with a review of the case assigned to him, and he also gives his opinion of the law and its specific application. In the order of seniority the court's attitude is set forth by its members, and the Chief Justice does not discuss his batch of cases until all others have concluded. Nevertheless, his attitude becomes known in the general exchange of opinions, and it frequently has a definite effect upon the voting. There have always been members of the court who prefer to be with the Chief Justice rather than against him. Moreover, a "Chief," as they call Mr. Hughes, who possesses his legal experience and knowledge, needs no other aids to help him in acquiring a position of power within such a small group of specialists. The numerous decisions of 9-0, 7-2, and 8-1, to my mind, show that the Hughes who dominated two Presidents is still going strong. Age does not wither nor custom stale him.

He has the halest voice and heartiest manner in reading his opinions. Whereas the younger members — Stone and Roberts — speak rather diffidently, Holmes and Brandeis rather softly, the others somewhat explanatorily, Mr. Hughes talks in the tone of an oracle. When his turn to deliver a decision comes, he faces his hearers, squares his shoulders, lifts up his chin and has at it. Some members of the court may not like it, but there's no mistaking how Mr. Hughes feels about it.

A. F. C.

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The Passing of King Wheat

By WHEELER McMILLEN

The general impression is that the American farming industry has completely collapsed. While many farmers, especially wheat and cotton growers, are in genuine distress, others who have diversified are not yet in the hands of the sheriff. This article deals with some of the little-known facts about our greatest industry, which is undergoing a great revolution but is still going ahead.

THE hammering publicity that for years has been given to the unsatisfactory phases of agriculture has created a widespread impression that practically all farmers are bumping on the bare rim of bankruptcy. The bad news about farming goes to market, to Washington, and every place else; the good news stays at home. Gloom gets the advertising. Naturally the country in general believes that agriculture is a steadily declining business, and that any one who is not a farmer is fortunate. Some farmers are rich, some are on the ragged edge of poverty. The general average lies between these extremes. The idea that all farmers are broke is as ridiculous as it would be to believe that all bankers are wise.

Agriculture is too sizable a business to be killed off by bad news. Year in and year out the farms of the United States produce about twelve and a half billions in new wealth. The "distressed" farmer is just the "window dressing." The legendary farm custom of putting all the big potatoes at the top of the barrel has been reversed; only the little potatoes have been on public exhibition.

We have about six million farms, of all sorts and kinds, from three acres up. Agriculture, then, consists of some six million farmers, their families, land and possessions. Without exception, these farmers are human beings—blond and dark, tall and short, competent and incompetent, lazy and industrious—the mine run of humanity, differing in no essential respect except occupation from city people. Any six million heads of families in the world do differ vastly amongst themselves. That in itself is enough to brand as silly any inclination to lump them into a single classification. But they do have votes—and they have troubles and problems, like all the rest of the human race. Politicians being in politics, it is natural that a farm problem, involving people with so many million votes, should become a political issue.

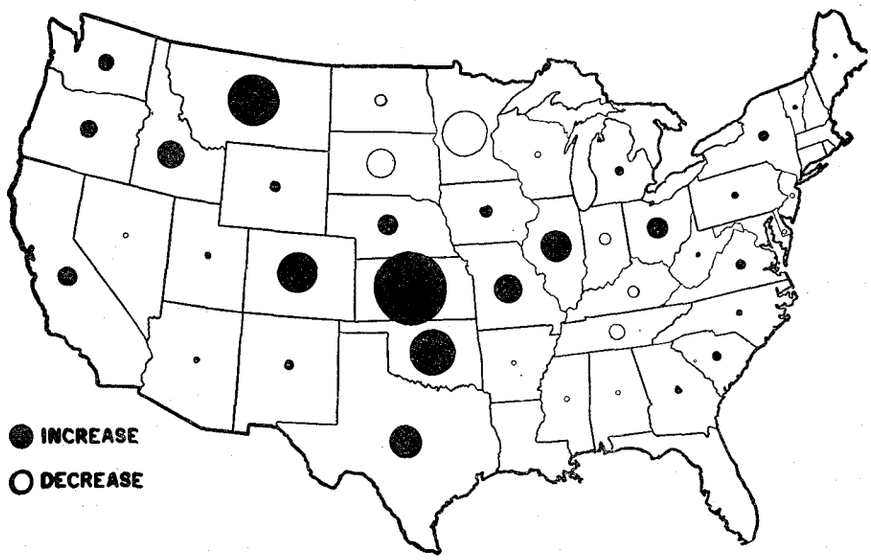
Take wheat, for instance. The staff of life is down. In certain areas, well known for producing highly vociferous statesmen, wheat is the major crop. Some of these areas are poorly adapted for anything but wheat, and wheat became a politician and went to Washington. The price of wheat became news, usually bad news. It became a matter of grave political concern, and very properly so, but in consequence its importance in the public mind has been magnified fearfully out of proportion to its actual importance. For all sight was lost of the fact that wheat actually constitutes but six per cent of the total average gross yearly income of farmers. *Six per cent!*

The hen is more important by a half than wheat. Poultry and poultry products account for *nine* per cent of total agricultural income in the gross, and still more in the net, since they usually afford a decent margin of net profit. And the old cow, never gone into politics very extensively, is more than three times as important as wheat. Dairy products bring more than twenty per cent of agricultural income. Then there are corn and livestock, fruit, truck and garden crops, and scores of other commodities that swell the final total. The diversity of elements that enter into the national agricultural picture may be easily comprehended when one considers that California alone puts into the markets one hundred and eighty different farm crops and products.

If wheat were abandoned altogether, a sizable dent would be made in American agriculture, and much distress would follow, but the farm industry certainly would not be wrecked, except in the sparse one-crop wheat areas. This one useful cereal, contributing its six per cent to the farm income total, furnishes agriculture with half its trouble and still more of the industry's bad advertising. An ample share of the remainder traces to cotton, a crop grown largely by the most inefficient practices, in a region badly infested with demagogues.

While the politicians and farm organization spokesmen have been energetically housetopping the bad news about agriculture being sick in bed, farmers have been out in the field hard at work. The proceeds of their toil and intelligence have enabled farmers to spend half a billion dollars a year for automobiles. That, incidentally, is the exact amount of the Federal Farm Board's revolving relief fund. Five million farmers have motor cars that have placed nearly every farm within a few minutes of a fair-sized trading center.

Particular evidence that the so-called depression has not spelled destitution is apparent in the radio figures. The loud speaker was not heard in the land until after the initial farm deflation of ten years ago, and now two million farm homes, a third of the entire number,



Courtesy Minneapolis Tribune

WHY WE HAVE A WHEAT SURPLUS AND A FARM BOARD

The net increase of wheat acreage between 1913 and 1923 was 13,744,000 acres. States marked by black dots increased wheat acreage 17,629,000 acres; states marked with circles decreased acreage 3,885,000, and most of them are still decreasing. By turning from wheat to dairying and diversified farming the four Northwest states—Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana—increased their total farm revenues $661,166,000 or 71 per cent between 1921 and 1929. King Wheat has been dethroned!

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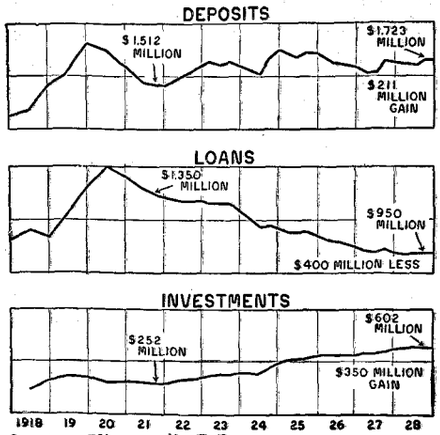


Courtesy Minneapolis Tribune

LESS WHEAT, STRONGER BANKS

As the Northwestern farmers dropped wheat and diversified, banking conditions improved, as shown in this graph of the Ninth Federal Reserve District for the years 1918-1929. More deposits, fewer and safer loans, and a great gain in investments

have radio sets, all purchased during the decade of farm relief. Like the motor car, the radio is a business asset as well as a pleasure. Daily market broadcasts enable farmers to inform themselves promptly about the state of prices, and are a material aid in improving farm incomes.

More than a sixth of all farm homes have electric lights. About 650,000 are connected with high lines, and over a half million have individual lighting plants. Each year now some 150,000 more farms are lighted, and the galvanic hired man is forthwith put to work furnishing power. A public utility statistician, who was recently estimating the rural power market, was himself amazed to find that the electrification of all the farms would lead to greater consumption of kilowatts than would the electrification of all the steam railroads.

Despite all these expenditures for the machinery of the modern American standard of living, the agricultural balance sheet indicates healthy solvency. A hard-up farm owner always has recourse to mortgaging his land, but the foreclosure man has to nail up his sign before the owner can be put out of business. The possession of a mortgaged homestead has long since ceased to be a disgrace (ask almost any city home owner or look at the bonds issued by almost any industry!). The sheriff will have a long wait before he gets around to all the barn doors, because most of the owners so far have not even put on the plasters. Nearly two-thirds of the total number of farms, and nearly four-fifths of the total value of farms, are wholly free from mortgage indebtedness. The figures in percentages are 64 per cent of all farms, and 78 per cent of total farm value that are totally unencumbered.

There can be a lot of borrowing on the old farm yet. In bleeding Kansas 59 per cent of the farms are mortgage free; and even in poor old mortgage-ridden Iowa, where land speculation rode the whirlwind without directing the storm, 44 per cent of the farms have no mortgages to worry their owners.

"What!" asks a protesting friend of the farmer. "What about the vast acreages of farm land upon which the insurance companies and the land banks have had to foreclose?"

Well, that's a sad story that doesn't prove much except that the lending agencies took mortgages on a considerable number of tracts that were thought to be farms when wheat was two dollars

Courtesy Minneapolis Tribune

A LEADER IN DETHRONING WHEAT

Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of The Minneapolis Tribune, for the last ten years has led a movement for diversified and better farming methods in the Northwest. In his territory farm revenues increased from $926,950,000 in 1921 to $1,588,116,000 in 1929, a gain of 71 per cent

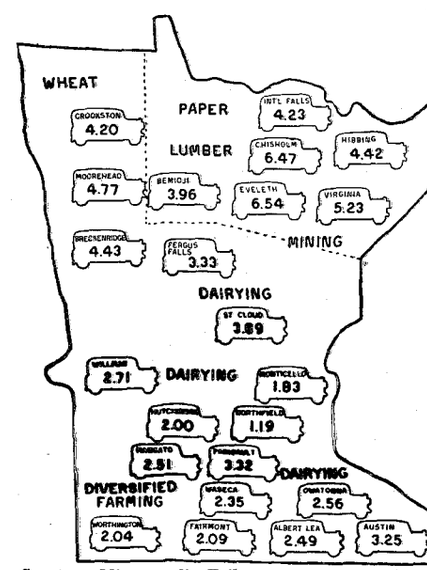
a bushel and cotton twenty cents a pound, but which became marginal lands when prices were halved. Such areas account for the greater share, by far, of the acreages foreclosed. Much of the foreclosed land should never have been plowed. Speculation, excessive capitalization of land and poor farming methods account for another large share. Indeed, poor farmers probably run a close race with poor soil in causing foreclosures.

Not only are nearly two-thirds of all farms entirely unmortgaged, but of the plastered third the majority are yielding up payments on interest and principal like clockwork. That area of agricultural America embraced within the boundaries of Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and Oklahoma, the Ninth Federal Land Bank District, may be considered typical mortgage country. It includes good land and poor, good farmers and indifferent, and quite a bit more than the average proportion of wheat land. John Fields, president of the Federal Loan Bank of Wichita, which holds approximately one-eighth of all the farm mortgages in these four states, says this:

We have 30,800 borrowers, using $101,000,000 advanced through this bank. On January 31st, only two per cent. of these were more than ninety days delinquent. Well under ten per cent., 2,678 to be exact, were in any way delinquent. Many of these owed only a dollar or so on partial payments that had been made before, while the majority of them doubtless had their checks in the mail or paid within a few days. At the close of 1930 our total delinquencies amounted to only 43 cents for each $100 of net loans outstanding. Wheat accounts for only a fourth of Kansas farm income. Livestock provides half of it. We don't do so badly out here. We closed 1930 with only 224 farms acquired through foreclosure, as contrasted with 267 that we owned at the end of 1929.

Except in drouth areas, and these are relatively small in total area, farmers and their families know but little of the heart-breaking troubles of the unemployed. They are learning of it, however, from relatives and friends who were attracted by high wages when industrial prosperity seemed limitless, and who have straggled back home or are writing for help. The result is that farm lands are in demand in the midst of an agricultural depression, and that those who have farm homes will let all else go, if necessary, to hold them.

Marginal lands and marginal farmers, the kind that make a little money when the goose hangs high and barely exist



Courtesy Minneapolis Tribune

LESS WHEAT, MORE AUTOMOBILES

Prosperity and diversified farming reflected in automobile registrations in Minnesota. In the wheat belt, one car to every four persons; in dairy and diversified farming region, one car to every two persons

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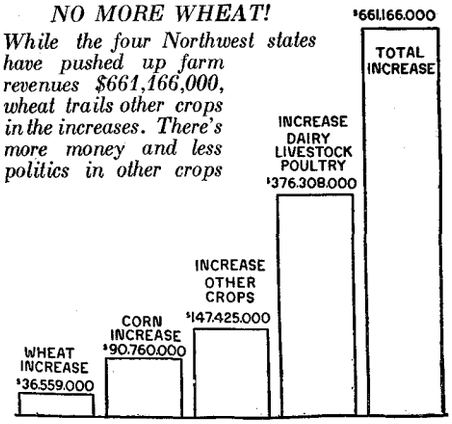
NO MORE WHEAT!

While the four Northwest states have pushed up farm revenues $661,166,000, wheat trails other crops in the increases. There's more money and less politics in other crops



Courtesy Minneapolis Tribune

at other times, are continually prominent in the making of farm problems. Usually yielding a scanty living from excessive effort, the marginal farm, after all, is a home and a guarantee of most of the necessities of existence. A period of low prices and a succession of natural calamities plus last year's drouth was necessary to create so extraordinary a spectacle as farmers actually hungry. Comparable to the recurring joblessness of city workers, the situation in Arkansas was an occasion for national amazement. Even that occurred in a section where poor farm methods prevail and one-crop farming is the general habit. No one went hungry in even the driest counties where sound farm practices are followed.

An eminent business statistician, Dr. Daniel Starch, has lately issued the results of his comprehensive study of the income of the American family. Taking the buying power of the family dollar in a city of 25,000 as 100 cents, he shows that in a great city like New York the costs of rent and living shrink the family dollar to 79 cents, while the dollar of the family down on the farm stretches to 119 cents in purchasing power. In dollars the New York City family income is $3,306 and the farm family income is $2,016, or 39 per cent lower. Figured in terms of 79-cent dollars in New York, and 119-cent dollars on the farm, the difference in buying power is only eight per cent. Dr. Starch thus helps to account for the mystery of how all the automobiles, radios, electrical installations, to say nothing of the silk stockings and new furniture, find their way down the rural routes. But there is more to the answer.

"You can't deny," insist the professional gloom dispensers, "that the prices of farm products have been 'way down. We can't have a prosperous agriculture without high prices."

The answer is that we can, and do, have prosperous farmers without high prices. Prices, as any business man knows, are only one factor in net earnings. Costs are highly important, and so is volume. You subtract the cost from the price and multiply by the volume and there's your income.

Smart men out on the real farms have been steadily shaving down costs. They have built up soil fertility until less effort brings more bushels. They expand the output of each worker, through utilizing the new knowledge and new methods that have flooded agriculture since the War. Large numbers of farmers admittedly have not caught up with the procession. A farm operator whose methods were thoroughly up-to-date ten years ago is sadly behind times now if he hasn't changed. Many of the cost-cutting machines and methods in use on the farms of 1931 were not even in existence a decade ago. The progressive adoption of new methods, permitting production costs lower and individual output higher than were ever dreamed of, accounts for the satisfactory incomes enjoyed by thousands of farmers in the face of declining prices. Muscle has been replaced on the farms by power until it has been estimated that the average farm has at its service the equivalent of at least 190 manual laborers.

Agricultural pessimism has been promoted by failure to understand that what is called surplus production does not necessarily prevent profits. The Farm Board has diligently canvassed the crossroads to persuade farmers to curtail acreage to prevent surpluses, to all intents ignoring the fact that surpluses can also be prevented by the more practicable plan of reducing costs. A surplus is defined as "that portion of a commodity in excess of the quantity that can be sold at a profit to the average producer." If the average producer's costs are reduced enough he will make a profit and there will be no surplus. Surplus can be eliminated either by lowering the quantity or the costs. The countless farmers whose costs are already below the line get along, but there will always be some farmers who won't get along, just as there will always be ditch diggers and wheelbarrow shovers. The land may always have more than its proportion of such, since no place affords so easy a way of living to the incompetent. Their presence will dull the rosy hues of farm statistics, but agriculture will, as usual, keep on doing business at the old stand.

The truth about the farm situation, then, covers a lot of territory. To say that agriculture is solvent is true. To say that some farmers are hard up, some are getting along fairly well, and that many are making very good money, is true. To say that the professional complainers have grossly misled the public into believing that nothing is right with agriculture is also unquestionably true.

An outstanding truth is that agriculture is undergoing a period of violent readjustment. There are laggards who follow the methods of years ago, but a new generation of farmers, alert to modern conditions, graduates of modern schools, steadily comes on the land. Four and a quarter million farm boys and girls have taken the work of the 4-H

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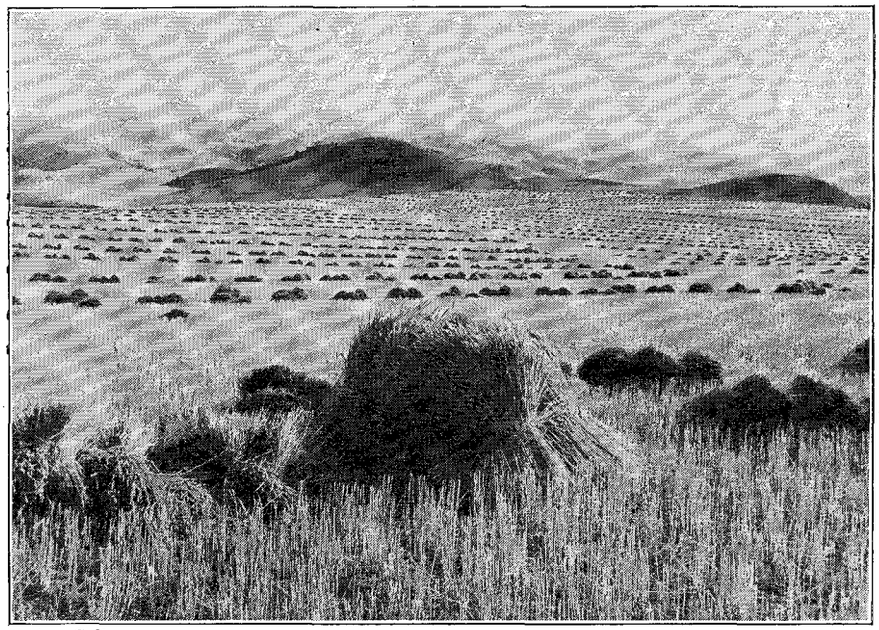

Ewing Galloway

NOT THE GOLD MINE IT WAS IN WAR YEARS

Thousands of acres of virgin soil in Montana turned to wheat growing during the high price period of the war and post-war years, but the Northwestern states are now reducing their wheat acreage and turning to dairying and diversified farming. By diversification, Montana has increased farm revenues nearly $90,000,000 or about 81 per cent for the period of the last seven years

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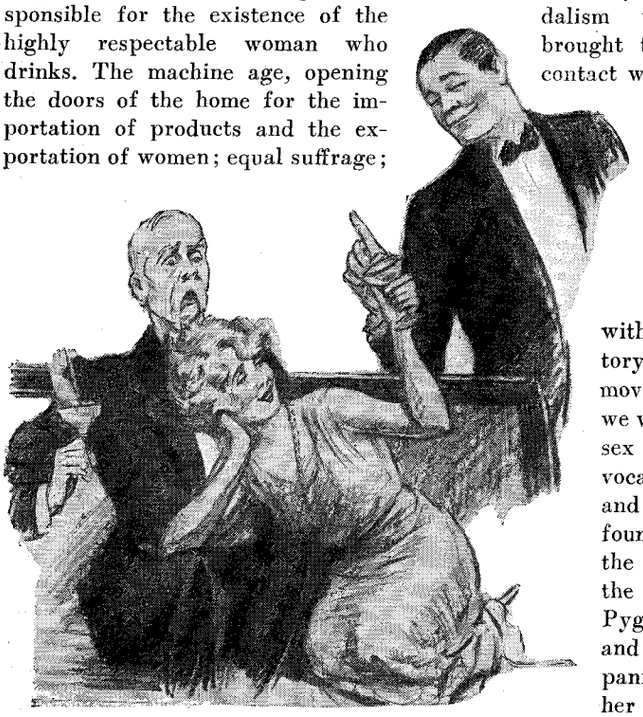
Drinking Mothers

By EUDORA R. RICHARDSON

SINCE Noah planted a vineyard and drank of the wine and was drunken, the drinking father has been an integral part of the social order. The children of men have been about equally divided between the descendants of Ham, who saw the nakedness of his father and told his two brethren without, and the descendants of Shem and Japheth, who took a garment and laid it upon their shoulders and went backward and covered the nakedness of their father, keeping their faces turned from the distressing spectacle. The drinking mother, moreover, but for a few sporadic exceptions which history has been unkind enough to disclose, appears to have an advent strangely coincident with the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead.

In the halcyon days when a double standard gave men the right to vices not shared by wives, when gentlemen smoked and drank in the drawing room while women talked—harmlessly, we hope—in the sedate parlor, ladies seldom partook of the cup that inebriates. As long as the working man could stop in the saloon for the bracer that helped him endure the ordeals of domesticity and wives attended to Martha's cumbering cares, women had little chance to cultivate the masculine method of heightening joy and lessening sorrow. Now, however, that the saloon has been transferred to the home, drinking has become a feminine accomplishment.

In fairness to the temperance leaders, it should be admitted that prohibition is only one of the contributing factors responsible for the existence of the highly respectable woman who drinks. The machine age, opening the doors of the home for the importation of products and the exportation of women; equal suffrage; the War; and the widened horizon, which tends to minimize the importance of community opinion, are all to blame, but not so profoundly as woman's recent realization that her essential make-up does not differ from her husband's and that other joys surpass those to be derived from immolation.



"It takes so little to make Jane's head spin"

The Victorian woman delighted in martyrdom; the modern woman tends toward hedonism. Our mothers and grandmothers were not given to emotional indulgence of any kind. They loved in pale passivity. Whatever sex impulses they may have inherited from incontinent fathers, they willingly converted into repression complexes. It was a virtue to endure a husband's passion; it was immodest to respond to it. Through gentle acquiescence they believed that they not only held the love of their husbands, but amassed stars that would later adorn heavenly crowns. Having accepted the pedestal and its niche, they managed to acquire some of the attributes belonging to white marble. Verily, the Victorian lady took as much pleasure in her virtues as her husband took in his vices. The wife of the drinking father by her simulated fortitude entrenched herself in the affections of husband and children and created the sustaining legend of holiness, which was adequate compensation for all she missed.

The destruction of the pedestal—it matters not by what means the vandalism was accomplished—brought the feet of women in contact with solid earth. If they were no longer to be worshiped, it would be just as well to get a bit of genuine enjoyment out of life. We explored man's realm and found it interesting. We entered business with more or less satisfactory degrees of success; we moved about unchaperoned; we voted; we acknowledged sex and were pleased; we vocalized our repressions and saw them vanish; we found cigarettes pleasant to the taste and soothing to the nerves. In other words, Pygmalion lost his Galatea and got a fallible and companionable human being in her place.

Deplore it if you will, the fact remains, nevertheless, that the number of men who drink is scarcely in excess of the number of women. The exigencies of the situation not only have given reformers new fields to harrow, but have caused society quickly to readjust standards. Women are no longer judged by the old measuring stick scaled to mark off superficial conduct. They may still be good wives and mothers even though they imbibe too freely at neighborhood gatherings. The modern woman who is adjudged worth while must have positive assets and not merely a vacuum caused by the absence of social vices.

Men have found, morever, that love for their wives does not have its basis in that nebulous thing formerly known as respect. The husband who must look after his erring wife at a party discovers old streams of tenderness which have been dammed by woman's increasing independence of him at other times. The male still yearns to protect his own. Now that the hazards of the Paleolithic and Neolithic ages have gone forever, now that the tourney and the duel no longer exist, it is fortunate for the fine egotism of the male that women still need to be protected, if only from the wares of the bootlegger. Fortunately, a man can drink more than a woman. Under the mellowing influence of several cocktails the sense of superiority, of which modernity has almost completely divested him, returns as he hovers about his wife, seeing that her drinks are mild and that her glass is not too frequently refilled. Again he is the protecting male, glorying in his own strength and in the frailty of beautiful woman. If you are under the misapprehension that chivalry died with the Crusades, listen some evening to the average husband's defense of his semi-intoxicated wife.

"It takes so little to make Jane's head spin," he will say. "Besides, this stuff we're getting these days is so unreliable that an inexperienced drinker doesn't know how to gauge her capacity."

Then, if Jane's feet, as well as her head, grow unsteady, he becomes wholly paternal, takes her home, puts her to bed, and probably applies wet cloths to her forehead during the rest of the night. Though he may indulge the next morning in a bit of fatherly advice, administered more or less sternly, he instantly resents any criticism that may come from some one else.

While prohibition has undoubtedly augmented the amount of drinking among the middle and upper classes, it seems to have decreased the number

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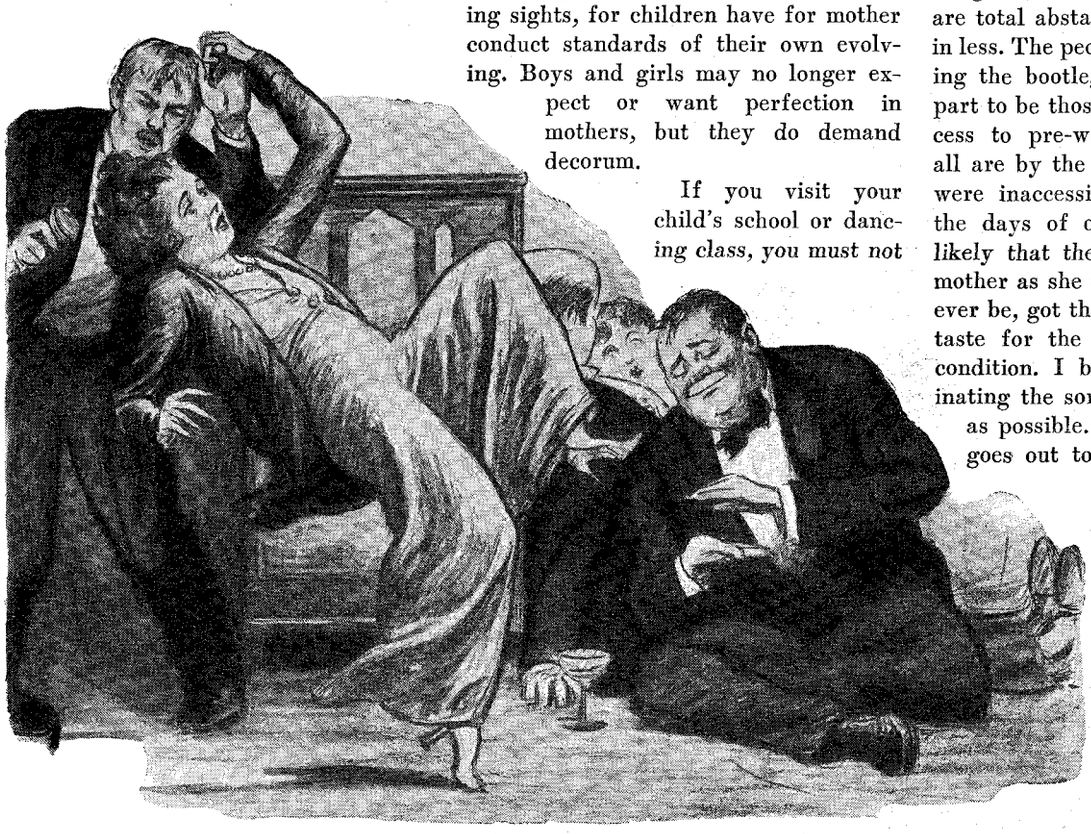
of drunkards—an ugly word entirely masculine in its connotation; somewhat because it has about ended solitary drinking, but chiefly because men feel responsible not only for their own sobriety but for their wives' also. In sporadic instances the nagging wife of fiction has been replaced by the nagging husband who gives himself and his friends a wretched evening while he begs his wife not to forget the terrible morning that followed the last party. The nagging wife has become almost extinct, for women are throwing themselves into the new conviviality with utter abandon, both because they have so recently discovered the rejuvenating and care-dispelling power of the cocktail and because women, when uninhibited, know nothing about moderation.

Children, however, have been on the whole slower than their fathers to adjust themselves to the drinking mother. Among the younger generation I have never seen one who ridiculed an inebriated mother as Ham ridiculed his father Noah, but I have seen many who, like Shem and Japheth, tried to hide their mothers' indiscretions from the world. The attitude of the children, moreover, seems to me to constitute the pity of the situation.

Certainly women of other days erred when they endeavored to make their children believe that mother never had done wrong and never could. If sons and daughters accepted the myth, they probably shrugged their shoulders and declared that there was no use listening to mother because she was different from the rest of the world and couldn't understand. If they did not believe the stories of maternal infallibility, they were permanently alienated by the patent insincerity of the claims that attempted to link mother with the deity. It is one thing for a mother to let it be known that she is a human being far from faultless. It is quite another, however, for her to call forth the disgust of her children.

It no longer seems possible for Americans to drink moderately. Again and again some conscientious hostess will declare that she intends to serve only a fixed number of drinks. Invariably some one finds his way to the source of supply and leads others with him. Soon all the guests are congregated in the kitchen and pantry, and the party is on. What happens does the active participants no great harm. Inhibitions are swept away. Men become mildly amorous, and women like it. Voices grow higher and shriller. Gathering momentum the one from the other, jokes that are merely risqué at first approach lewd vulgarity. The games and the dancing eventually would do justice to the demi-monde.

The adolescents stroll in from a party of their own or the smaller children wake and peer over the balustrade. Mother with her hair disheveled, mother talking and laughing too loudly, mother dancing grotesquely—these are distressing sights, for children have for mother conduct standards of their own evolving. Boys and girls may no longer expect or want perfection in mothers, but they do demand decorum.



In the home drinking parties inhibitions are swept away. The smaller children peer over the balustrade. Mother laughing too loudly, mother dancing grotesquely — these are distressing sights, for children have for mother conduct standards of their own evolving — they do demand decorum

If you visit your child's school or dancing class, you must not make yourself conspicuous by talking above a whisper. You must be properly dressed for the occasion, and your manners must be letter-perfect. In other words, there isn't a child who doesn't want to be proud of his mother. He can scarcely be proud of her when she shows the effects of too many cocktails. Recently a guest found the little daughter of her hostess sobbing alone into her pillow. The child had just caught a glimpse of behavior that she thought unbecoming in mother. Of course, no explanation could ever be made that would set things quite right again.

I do not believe that the children of drinking mothers are in any greater danger than the children of women who are total abstainers. They are probably in less. The people who are now supporting the bootleggers seem for the most part to be those who have never had access to pre-war stock, enticed as we all are by the lure of those things that were inaccessible or forbidden during the days of our youth. It is entirely likely that the little girl who saw her mother as she thought no mother should ever be, got that night a permanent distaste for the cause of the distressing condition. I believe, however, in eliminating the sorrows of childhood as far as possible. My sympathy, moreover, goes out to the mother for all that she lost because of her few gay hours at the party. Surely no mother acquires an attitude sufficiently sacrificial to enable her happily to be the horrible example that keeps her children in the paths of rectitude.

Though the pity and the tragedy of the situation is not to be discounted, I am inclined to think that the drinking mother is

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Art and Industry

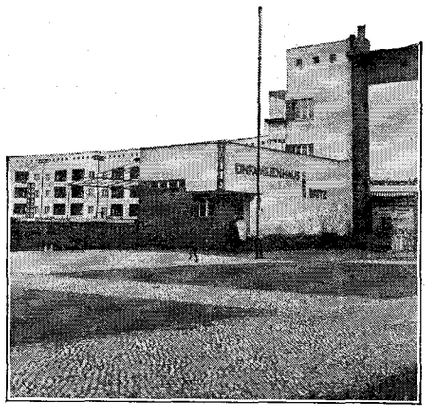
By CLAUDE BRAGDON and CLEOME CARROLL

THE tourist exodus from America to Europe has assumed such proportions that it has become not only a sociological phenomenon but an economic problem. Americans save at home so that they may spend abroad, a condition of things highly disturbing to the American tradesman and manufacturer, who sees what used to be called "the carriage trade" more and more lost to him.

Some go to Europe for business, some for study and research, but the vast majority are solely on pleasure bent. While a certain number of these last are actuated by a desire for indulgences denied to them at home, or difficult to compass, by far the greater number seek only those rational and temperate enjoyments attendant upon a highly organized social life, the contemplation of unspoiled natural beauty, and those vestiges and reminders of the past cherished in that reliquary to which we give the name of art. In brief, the American exodus to Europe is primarily a quest for beauty; a refuge from ugliness.

Who is responsible for this ugliness? Every one who tolerates it. But those who are directly responsible are the people with power: those who dominate trade and industry—and also legislation. They may be intelligent, able, conscientious, but there is something which has escaped their notice—an indefinable, small something, but after all important, like the yeast in the bread, the ring in the birthday cake, the bait in the trap—*beauty*, to wit.

If they imagine that people do not want beauty and do not respond to it, the facts are against them. The response to beauty is automatic and instinctive in every one, albeit unconscious; it is only to counterfeit or moribund beauty that people do not respond.



Industrial housing in Germany, designed by Bruno Taut

Converted to this point of view, the industrialist should not go for advice to the type of artist of whom he himself has made a yes-man. One knows the sort of thing that he is likely to recommend: Plaster the countryside with posters which I will make for you at a price; hang my paintings in your directors' rooms and your private offices; build stores and factories which shall outrival Gothic cathedrals and Roman temples; make the water-tank look like the tower of a feudal castle and the power-house chimney like a Mohammedan minaret or an Egyptian obelisk.

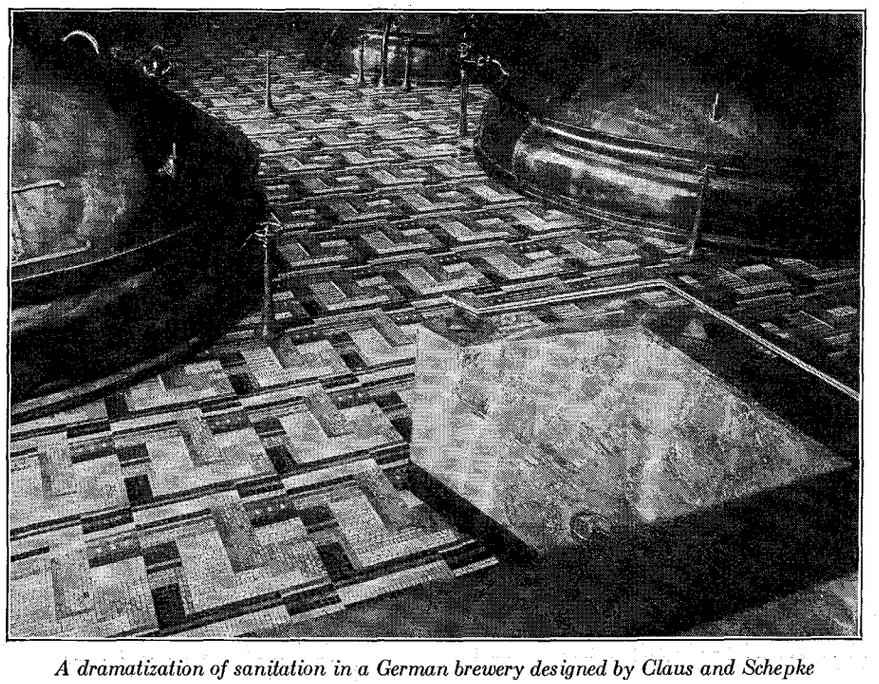
This is the point of view of the parasitic eclectic—the *unrealist*. The captain of industry knows that it is a false view because the conditions of his life have forced him to be realistic—but he is not realistic *enough*.

Assuming that he is enough of a realist to have come at last to the realization that beauty is an actual and universal need and has an appreciable economic value—since the dearth of it annually drives thousands to slake their thirst for it at the European fount—he should no longer continue to make of industry a public nuisance; polluting the air, killing vegetation, littering the countryside with posters, and affronting the eye, ear and nose in other outrageous ways. The tourist—and his name is legion—who has his view cut off and his enjoyment of natural scenery interfered with by gigantic billboards whose legends he does not want to read, feels a justified resentment; and among the denizens of Manhattan Island within view of its encompassing rivers, the serenity of which is nightly disturbed by blazing, winking, running electric signs on their further shores, there will be a formidable number whose purses this sort of thing, instead of opening, will close. If the soot from a power-house chimney settles on a man's breakfast it alienates goodwill. Industry, in the process of production or in the pursuance of profit, should not thus invalidate the rights of individuals.

So before dealing positively and constructively with the matter under discussion—the introduction of beauty into industry—it is necessary to eliminate the ugly and offensive; and European industrialism, in certain of its most recent phases, particularly in Germany, Holland and Scandinavia, has much to teach us here. However utilitarian and unimaginative the aspect of those factories and workingmen's houses based upon the *machine ideal* of such architects as Le Corbusier, Gropius and Taut, they breathe an orderliness, neatness, lightness, brightness, unmatched by any corresponding industrial units of our own. (Illustration 1.)

Big business has discovered that the most effective lethal gas for painless extraction is *the slogan*: the apt phrase which plants the profitable thought. Adopting this method for the purpose of "selling" these ideas, our first, or negative, slogan might be, *Commit No Nuisance*. And our second, or positive, would be, *Dramatize, Dramatize*.

Art, in the true sense, is dramatization; and the true artist is the skillful dramatist. If he be a musician, he dram-



A dramatization of sanitation in a German brewery designed by Claus and Schepke

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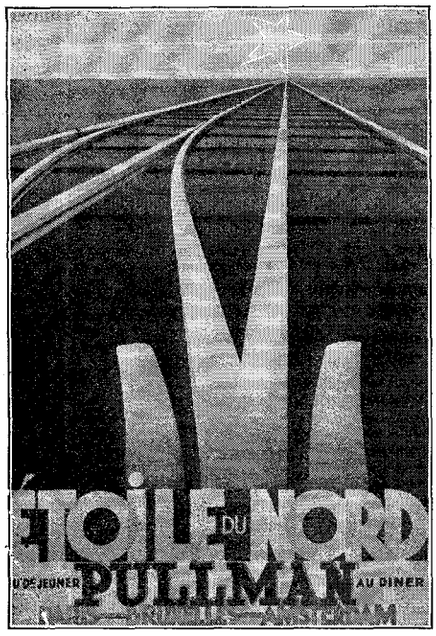


DRAMATIZATION!
The noted poster of Chemin de Fer du Nord, by A. M. Cassandre

atizes human emotion; an architect, human habitation; the dramatization of trade and industry would consist, broadly speaking, in the giving of eloquent and beautiful form and expression to the ministration to man's physical needs, natural and artificial. Dramatization is intensification gained by the elimination of the non-apposite and inessential, by emphasizing the essential with clarity and directness, since "an honest tale speeds best being plainly told."

The character of a business or an industry will itself determine the form of its dramatization: the problem itself will point the way to its own solution. It did so, for example, in the case of the famous poster issued to advertise the *Chemin de Fer du Nord.* (Illustration 3.) This consists of nothing but lines of shining rails converging to a single star: it tells its own story and no story but its own, and is infinitely more effective, because more dramatic, than that order of *non-sequitur* advertising which has scant relevance to the thing advertised.

But it is *the thing itself* which should be dramatized in such a way as to constitute its own sufficient advertisement. The failure to do this is what makes the other form of advertising necessary in many cases, just as a title to a moving picture is often rendered necessary only because the dramatist has failed to do his job.

A small shop in Stockholm exhibits porcelain in lighted niches against a wall entirely covered with black plush. By isolation, by contrast, by well-considered form and space relations, and by the striking juxtaposition of colors, shapes and textures, there is here achieved that *heightening* of effect which is the essence of dramatization.

What is necessary to the hearing of music? The absence of intruding sights and sounds. This provided architect Josef Hoffman with the right clue in his dramatization of a phonograph record shop in Vienna. The walls are covered with dark wood, the records are stored behind concealed doors, the lighting is soft and indirect, the carpet noiseless to the tread, and the armchairs comfortable.

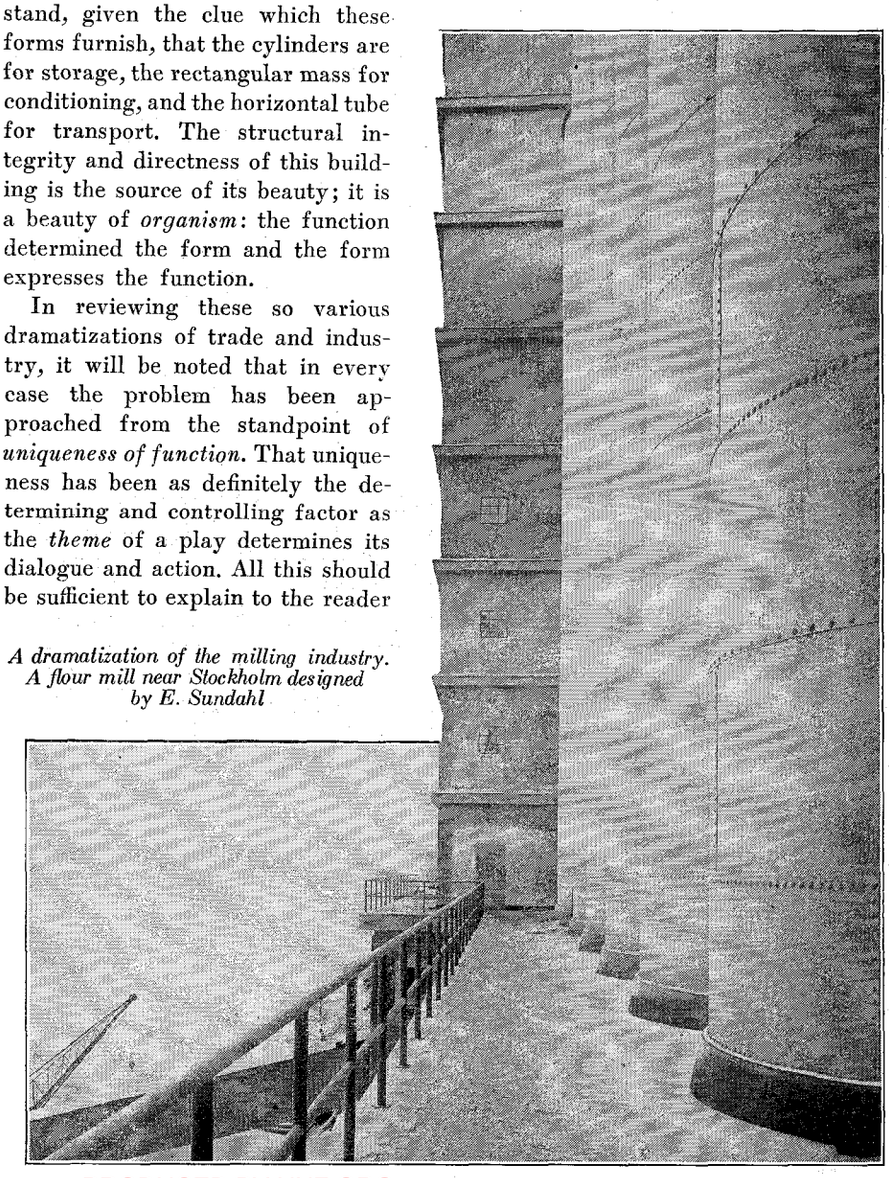
There is a brewery in Berlin which inspires a genuinely aesthetic emotion simply through the organization of its elements—the colored glass windows, the patterned tile-mosaic floor, the great polished copper heating tanks—so in key and keeping with the industry as to constitute a dramatization of sanitation, as it were. (Illustration 2.)

A flour mill set high on a hill where it can be seen from the city of Stockholm has the appearance of a great monument dedicated to Wheat, for it is architect Sundahl's dramatization of flour production, storage and transportation. (Illustration 4.) Who would not understand, given the clue which these forms furnish, that the cylinders are for storage, the rectangular mass for conditioning, and the horizontal tube for transport. The structural integrity and directness of this building is the source of its beauty; it is a beauty of *organism*: the function determined the form and the form expresses the function.

In reviewing these so various dramatizations of trade and industry, it will be noted that in every case the problem has been approached from the standpoint of *uniqueness of function.* That uniqueness has been as definitely the determining and controlling factor as the *theme* of a play determines its dialogue and action. All this should be sufficient to explain to the reader the meaning of the slogan, *Dramatize.*

A business or an industry, if it be truly *alive,* is *an organism;* and this organic quality should everywhere be emphasized. That is, the parts should be similar to the whole, organically related to it and suggestive of it in the same way that a leaf is suggestive of the tree to which it belongs. Every business or industry has its own individual uniqueness, and this can be everywhere indicated—in so great a thing as a factory or store, and so small a thing as a letterhead. The *character* having been established, it should be *expressed.* This principle is beginning to be understood and honored by use, but not to the extent it might be, nor in the most felicitous ways. Summing it all up in the form of a slogan: *Make all the pieces all of a piece.*

A single example of the application of this dictum will suffice for illustration. The Restaurant Crillon, in New York, has been given, by its decorator, Winold Reiss, a highly individual and appropriate *keynote*—gay, elegant, sophisticated—by means of its color scheme and its unique decoration, an individual



A dramatization of the milling industry. A flour mill near Stockholm designed by E. Sundahl

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variant of Austrian "modernistic" in white, gold, crimson and maroon. These characteristic forms and colors appear on the menus, the matchboxes, and even the very pictures on the walls have relation to them, so that there is a feeling of unity and harmony throughout—the sense of complete integration.

Coming now to the subject of advertising, there is a feeling on the part of the discerning that it is being overdone, thereby becoming a burden to industry and a nuisance to the public; that it runs to acreage more than to ideation, assuming sometimes the aspect of a gang war among rival racketeers, and that "swollen advertising" is one of the ills from which big business suffers. The limitation of advertising and its more rational organization would seem to be necessary for the same reason that a limitation of armaments among nations is necessary—it involves too much economic waste. To be fair and effective this problem should be dealt with *coöperatively*. What is needed is an "arms conference" among the world powers in the advertising field, and the manufacturers and profiteers of advertising should have no more voice there than the makers of munitions at a peace conference.

We shall discuss only that aspect of advertising most closely associated with art: the picture poster. Poster art in its modern manifestation had its first and best period in Paris in the eighteen-nineties, under the stimulus of Jules Cheret. The hoardings became, and were called, "the poor man's picture gallery." These gay and witty posters, the work of famous artists, were an added grace to the boulevards of Paris, and had interesting repercussions: in Germany, in the work of Hohlwein and his followers; in England in that of the "Beggarstaff Brothers," and in America in Edward Penfield's periodical announcements of *Harper's Monthly*.

This first poster period was inspiring while it lasted, and though it lapsed into drabness, lighted only by occasional flashes, it perhaps contains a useful hint for the industrialist of today: namely, not to raise his already high advertising wattage by producing more and bigger posters, but to seek out a more powerful and transparent lens—some artist who can be charming and informative in some fresh way. Two examples of artistic, apposite and humorous posters from the "golden age" referred to are Jossot's miserly old member of the Institute in full regalia, with sword and umbrella, reluctantly parting with his franc piece for admission to the *Salon des Cent*, and that essentially Gallic picture of a lusty infant refusing its nurse's breast to reach for the artificial infant's food thus advertised. Summarizing the foregoing recommendations in a slogan: *To Advertise, Revert: Get Wise*.

Every industrial problem is at long last a psychological problem, and any consideration of art in its relation to industry should not omit some consideration of the personal relation of the industrialist to the artist, noting their psychological differences with a view to finding out how each may least inhibit the other, and most help.

The success of their relation—like the married relation—will depend upon the confidence, understanding, love (using the word in its true and large sense), mutually established between them. And the artist will correspond to the woman because it is his function to receive from the other an image or concept and give it expression and form. In this the artist should not be subjected to coercion: he should have as free a hand as possible, and be treated with tact. It should be realized that he is subject to other laws than those which govern mass production, that his movements should be more subject to the "planets" than to the factory whistle, that his value is qualitative rather than quantitative—his periods of apparent idleness and sterility being times of gestation.

There is a story of a captain of industry who hired an orchestra to play at a party, and, noticing that the cornet player was sitting with his instrument on his knee, asked him why he wasn't at work. "I have a rest here," replied the musician. "Oh, no, you don't," the other answered, "nobody rests when they're working for me; you get to work and play the cornet or else you're fired."

This is probably only a fable, but the truth of the following can be vouched for, and it is highly typical: Edward Penfield was once commissioned to design a poster for a steamship company which made a great point of the swiftness of its transatlantic liners. Accordingly, in his preliminary sketch, he concentrated everything into the conveyance of the sense of *speed*. But when the officials of the company came to deliberate on his picture of an ocean greyhound in full flight, they decided that he must show every porthole, every lifeboat, and the name of the vessel on her bow. This, Penfield knew, would take away its sense of motion and would be so destructive of the effect he wished to produce that he threw up the commission then and there.

Not that the case of the industrialist does not possess equal merit, but this we shall not go into here other than to remind the reader that the thing which develops competence is *opportunity*. Industry has no difficulty in enlisting competent engineering and mechanical talent because it has given this opportunity to develop; whereas it has either neglected or enslaved the artist.

The highest type of artist cannot and should not be made to serve industry: truth and beauty, free of all conditioning limitations, are his monitors, and the realization of his own interior vision of life his only aim. Such, when discoverable, should be saved, served and guarded, like queen bees, but they are so few that in this connection they are negligible. There remains a great body of thoroughly good and "marketable" aesthetic talent which would suffer no blight, but gain and develop, through the right affiliation with industry—which seeks such affiliation, but too often finds the conditions impossible by reason of a fundamental difference of point of view. It is to this situation which we would call attention, and fix in the mind by means of the following slogan: *Don't make the artist punch the time clock, and give him plenty of air.*

In conclusion we return, by a long detour, to our original contention: that the need of beauty is a fundamental and universal human need, and should therefore be ministered to, but *rationally*, not sentimentally, by the American industrialist. Everything which industry does toward the uglification or vulgarization of the American scene, however apparently profitable, is done *against itself*, on account of its close identification with American life. The amelioration and improvement of the conditions governing that life, not least among which would be the introduction and augmentation of beauty, cannot therefore but be a matter of concern to industry. The suggestions contained in this essay are our contribution to this "consummation devoutly to be wished."

This Week's Contributors

Eudora Ramsay Richardson is a mother who writes regularly for the magazines. Her father was a Baptist minister and President of Hollins College in Virginia, in which she taught English after receiving her M.A. from Columbia University.

Wheeler McMillen is associate editor of the magazine *Country Home*, and an authority on farm problems.

Claude Bragdon is an architect, scenery designer and author. He has written innumerable magazine articles as well as books.

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The Spotlight on Sports

By GEORGE TREVOR

A Tennis Big Four

HENRI COCHET, already a professional gauged by U. S. L. T. A. standards though a *bona fide* amateur in France, is planning to join the Tilden-Kozeluh-Richards circus next fall. Then indeed it can be billed as "the greatest show on earth."

Cochet's hybrid status arises from the nature of his business. He owns an athletic goods store at Lyons, and profits by the sale of tennis equipment. Under the more stringent American code this would disqualify him from amateur competition. The French are more liberal in their construction of amateurism—a delightfully elastic term. A common standard of amateur eligibility is needed if Davis Cup matches are to have any significance. The existing variations in amateur rule interpretation make a travesty of international competition.

Jefferson Dickson, the Jack Curley of Paris, has been dangling a juicy contract under Cochet's nose. The fragrant odor of kale may prove irresistible. Cochet will make no public decision until after the 1931 Davis Cup Tie has been decided, but the presumption is that he has tentatively agreed to turn "pro."

Dickson, a soft-voiced southerner, remained in France after the War to promote prize fights. He found it a profitable racket. Noting the success of Curley's venture into professional tennis, Dickson cast about for a meal ticket. He saw in Cochet a sure-fire drawing card. Lacoste, son of a wealthy motor car manufacturer and vintner, couldn't be tempted by money. Borotra, the peripatetic pump salesman, is likewise indifferent to professional offers. He capitalizes his tennis personality in a perfectly legitimate manner.

Having demonstrated his ascendancy over Kozeluh, the baseliner, and Richards, the net stormer, Bill Tilden must be given keener opposition if box office returns are to remain satisfactory. Who but Cochet, Big Bill's Nemesis, could stimulate another gold rush at the gate?

Tilden has profited in technique as well as in pocketbook since he turned professional. He has learned to nourish a rally in the French manner, to jockey for position instead of seeking a quick decision on every exchange. As an amateur, Tilden went out for a placement ace prematurely. Temperamentally impatient, he sought to end the rally with a lethal clout after two or three returns. While retaining his offensive flair, Tilden has now buttressed his defense.

This tactical change might enable Tilden to regain the edge he once had on Cochet. The deft little man from Lyons, however, is an all-court wizard, combining the best features of Kozeluh and Richards. A rising ball hitter, Cochet conceals the direction of his shots, employing a wrist flick stroke with a sawed-off finish instead of the conventional follow-through.

No Substitutes

WITH the Poughkeepsie regatta in the offing, Columbia adherents have their fingers crossed. There are no substitutes of varsity caliber at Morningside. None of the eight boys who pull the light blue sweeps can be replaced without disastrous consequence—hence illness or accident to a regular would automatically mean defeat.

"The substitution of even one man would make a difference of one length per mile in the speed of my crew," says Rich Glendon. "Crew material has always been scant at Columbia, but the shortage is unparalleled this year. I have exactly eight men of Poughkeepsie class on the squad. Naturally, they're all in the same boat."

Columbia's shell, manned entirely by New York City bred boys, has drawn the sheltered number two lane under the west bank of the Hudson. This is an asset if wind kicks up a choppy sea. Cornell and Syracuse, the Empire State's other unbeaten entries, are away out in midstream where the swamping is good.

Cornell partisans on the canvas-topped observation car—and there will be plenty of them—are hereby warned not to get panicky if they see coxswain Burke douse water in stroke Wilson's face. It won't mean that Wilson is near collapse. A high-strung chap, Wilson suffers tortures from a parched mouth and throat while rowing. Burke has a prearranged understanding with his stroke oar to dash water in Wilson's open mouth at intervals during a race. It freshens him up and raises false hopes in the hearts of Cornell's opponents.

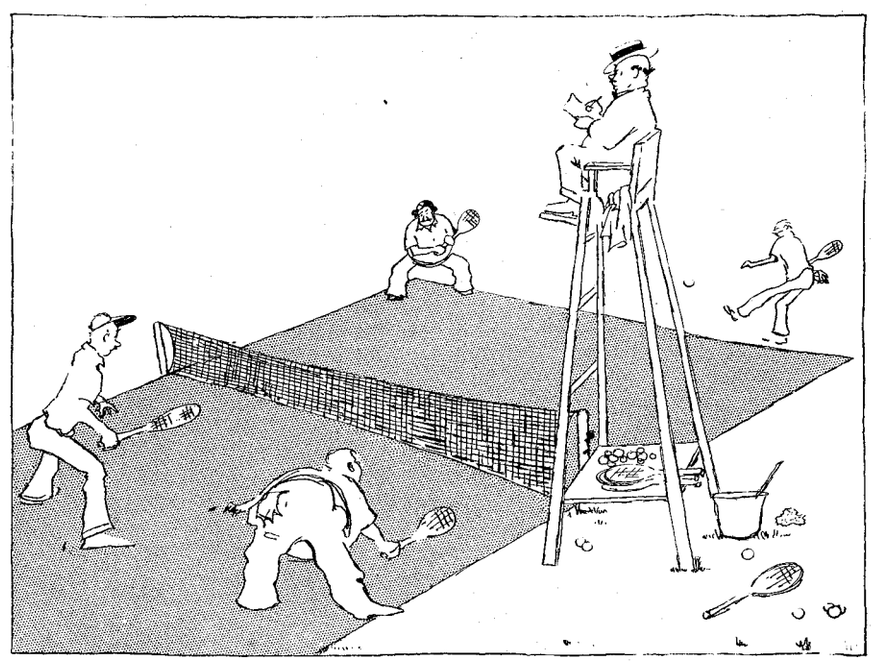
The defending Poughkeepsie champions form a picturesque crew. Bliss Clark, a 210-pounder, and "Baldy" McManus, a thirty-two-year-old grape farmer from Highland, pull lusty oars for Cornell! If you can't spot the red and white blades you can pick out the Ithacan shell by the sun reflected from McManus's billiard-ball pate.

Out of Bounds

ANOTHER British Open has been completed as you read these lines, with Carnoustie—the cradle of golf teachers—as the battle site. Oddly enough, in view of its reputation as a breeder of golfing giants, Carnoustie was never previously selected for the Open by the Royal and Ancient Committee.

Perhaps the numerous boundary fences that parallel this time-worn links

(Continued on Page 190)



"Set point"

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The Week in Business

By FRANK A. FALL

A Little Better

WHILE business has had another spotty week and industrial output is still nothing to write home about, wholesale and retail trade have taken a favorable turn in a number of important markets and have managed to hold their own in most of the others.

The most positive development of the week was the encouraging reaction to the warnings, uttered by several outstanding leaders, against further price cutting. Reports from all parts of the country indicate clearly that the insistence of these industrialists on a firmer price policy has struck a responsive chord in many manufacturing plants.

Continuation of the sinking spell in the stock market is, of course, a heavy drag on general business as it struggles to work itself out of the slough of despond. Deflation of stock prices has reached the point where the whole affair is ridiculous. The entire list is full of bargains but nobody seems to want them.

Figuring out reasons for the persistent weakness of the market is now a favorite indoor and outdoor sport. One is unquestionably the hard sledding that has confronted the railroads, resulting in decreased revenues, the passing of dividends and depreciation in every form of security issued by the carriers. Another is the fact that many large holders, as well as the small fry, have had to sell good investment securities at a heavy loss in order to get cash for current expenses. What we need, however, is not more diagnosis but treatment that will lead quickly and surely to a cure.

Bringing Coals to Pittsburgh

FACING intensified competition from hydroelectric power and the use of petroleum for heating and railway operation, the coal industry has had its troubles during the past few years. It has also had internal difficulties, but these have not, on the whole, been as alarming as the threats from outside.

There will be, we hope, a general disposition to wish the soft coal division well when it stages its Third International Conference at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh this fall. Since the last get-together some important developments have been achieved in fuel technology and coal utilization. These will be reported on and discussed by some of the world's leading coal specialists, including Dr. Friedrich Bergius of Heidelberg and M. Andre Kling of the Municipal Laboratory of Paris, both of whom are widely known and honored for their work in producing motor spirits from coal by the hydrogenation process.

The English delegation will include three bituminous coal specialists from London—Professor W. A. Bone of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, Dr. Cecil Lander of the Fuel Research Board, and Dr. R. Lessing, consulting chemist. Dr. Lander has earned fame for himself and his Board by his researches in low temperature carbonization. Other countries to be represented are Austria, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Spain and Switzerland.

The program will emphasize the economic side of the coal industry. The soft-coalers will study such subjects as the origin of coal; problems of coal combustion, gasification and liquefaction; smoke elimination; and preparation of bituminous coal for the market.

INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) May 28—70.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) May 28—64.0.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 16—747,732 cars (increase of 233 over preceding week; reduction of 181,027 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 23—43% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 30.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 23—daily average gross 2,437,150 barrels (increase of 10,350 over preceding week; reduction of 142,350 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended May 23—986,000 bushels (reduction of 600,000 under preceding week and of 634,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended May 28—$7,856,274,000 (reduction of 13.1% under preceding week and of 17.1% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 28—528 (increase of 14 over preceding week and of 112 over same week of 1930).

The Pickle Arrives

UNTIL recently we were not particularly pickle-conscious, but in the course of delving into the highways and byways of American business we have discovered that the lowly pickle is the front and center of a thirty-million-dollar industry, with an annual production of from four to seven million bushels, depending largely on climatic conditions.

The pickle, if you please, is organized. Witness the National Pickle Packers Association, and the research work of such men as Dr. Edwin F. LeFevre of the Department of Agriculture and Dr. J. Koenig, the famous German food analyst. These experts have discovered that the pickle is not merely a condiment—it contains valuable nutrient material, including protein and various mineral elements which are necessary to the proper building of the human body.

And the pickle is not without its history and traditions. It has been cultivated in America since the middle of the seventeenth century. Thomas Jefferson once remarked that on a hot day in Virginia he knew nothing more comforting than a fine spiced pickle brought up, trout-like, from the depths of that aromatic jar below stairs in Aunt Sally's cellar. To go further back, Tiberius, Caesar and even Cleopatra were pickle addicts. C. M. Walters of Libby, McNeill & Libby, acknowledged pickle historian, can prove it.

If none of this is convincing, take a look at cucumber-growing in Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri and as many other states. In this time of *Sturm und Drang* you may be able to find unemployment among the pickle-raisers, but we doubt it.

Steiner Revises Prendergast

BEFORE the Honorable William A. Prendergast became Comptroller of the City and Chairman of the Public Service Commission of the State of New York, he was secretary-treasurer of the National Association of Credit Men, and wrote a text on credits and collections. This book, *Credit and Its Uses* (Appleton, $4), has now been revised and brought up to date by Dr. William H. Steiner, associate professor of economics in the College of the City of New York.

Dr. Steiner has rewritten most of the book and introduced much new material. Since the publication of the original edition, credit technique has been remarkably developed and improved. The revision deals, for example, with such subjects as the establishment of credit limits, which had not been given scientific study at the time Mr. Prendergast was operating in the credit field.

It also treats at some length the important matter of the relation of insurance to credit, and describes the operation of modern credit agencies such as the system for interchange of ledger experience and the Adjustment Bureaus maintained by the National Association of Credit Men. As Mr. Prendergast and Dr. Steiner are both well known to members of the credit fraternity everywhere, their collaboration comes as a helpful and welcome personal message.

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Five-Year Plan"

STATISTICS show that in most cases it is Susie who drags Bill to the movies of an evening. And as Susie is a girl, the average film concerns a girl, and her romance. Consequently Susie may shy away from a film called *The Five-Year Plan* which has posters of grain elevators and blast furnaces outside the theatre. But my earnest suggestion to both Susie and Bill is that they stop in to look at this dreadful Soviet "propaganda" picture. Even if they are too ignorant of economics to realize that they are looking at pictures of one of the most amazing and significant events in the world's history, the talkie lecture which accompanies this silent travelogue should catch their attention. We as one-hundred-per-cent Americans are used to having the biggest of everything "in the world." Well, this is no longer true. Like Californians and New Yorkers, the Soviet boys are now talking about "the biggest in the world." Susie's plans for a vine-covered cottage now seem overshadowed by a new social order in which the ideal is a Ford-assembly-belt existence. Just at a time when we Americans are becoming weary and suspicious of our mechanical masters, the Russians have installed a new religion — machine-worship — which is naïve and touching. By all means see *The Five-Year Plan.*

"Never the Twain Shall Meet"

Peter B. Kyne him not nice author. Him write story used for Leslie Howard's first starring picture with South Sea Island character who talk all time like this in third person pidgin English. Mr. Leslie Howard him supposed to be San Francisco business man who infatuate with little Conchita Montenegro, South Sea Island gal. Him look vely, vely British, she look vely, vely Spanish. Pletty soon she go back South Seas—then he follow. Then Mr. Howard he feel hot, hot, hot, him drink whisky, him stop shaving and go native. Then Miss Montenegro she shake hips at native boy and Mr. Howard drink more whisky. By and by white fiancée she come South Seas and Mr. Howard he reform like magic. *Never the Twain Shall Meet* she one damn stupid movie.

"Der Grosse Tenor"

Having noticed a suprisingly rapid growth in the interest in German language films in this country in the past two years, the UFA company has opened its own theatre in New York which it hopes will be the first of a national chain. We are accustomed to hear of chains of Paramount or Fox or Metro houses in Europe, South America or Australia, but this is the first time a foreign company has settled on *our* shores. UFA's first house is the old legitimate Cosmopolitan Theatre in New York, and it has as many seats as all of the half dozen foreign-language talkie houses now running in the city combined. It was opened last week with Emil Jannings' latest all-German film, *Der Grosse Tenor.*

I am sorry not to be able to say much for this piece. The sound recording is wretched, the story is extremely slight and Jannings does very little that matters. He appears as a great opera tenor who loses his voice temporarily. It is often quite a bore.

Worth Seeing

Beggar's Opera: Modern German version of the old English classic. Extraordinary social satire.

City Streets: Rouben Mamoulian's smooth gangster film with Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney.

The Millionaire: If the story isn't much, at least Mr. Arliss is always a gentleman.

Public Enemy: A lot of tough guys shooting things up.

Quick Millions: More tough guys—a demonstration of racketeering.

The Secret Six: Wallace Beery, still another tough one—a beer baron who gets to be mayor.

Le Million: Rene Clair's gay and light-hearted French farce—no French needed.

Skippy: The most generally satisfying evening's entertainment on the list.

Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins in Lubitsch's latest film.

Tabu: Simple and touching account of love and death among South Sea Islanders.

Minority Report

A Free Soul: Norma Shearer has an "affair" with a gunman.

Indiscreet: Gloria Swanson discusses we-girls' love problems.

Seed: A fake—all mention of birth control left out.

Svengali: John ("eyes") Barrymore has fun with makeup.

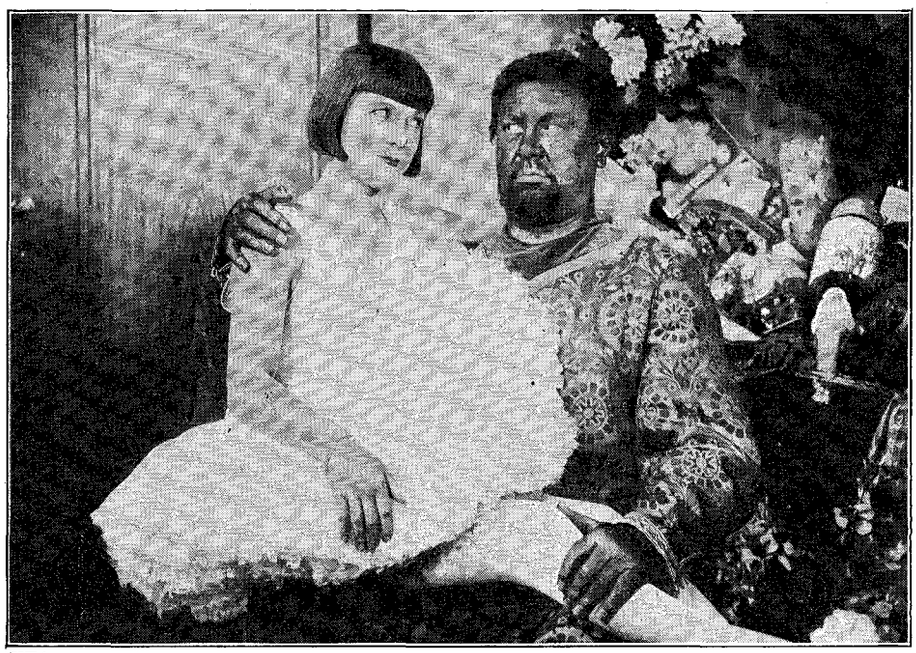
Other Films

Daybreak, Schnitzler's story with Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler is good entertainment. Novarro is one of those Viennese officers who makes light of Miss Chandler's love. The dialogue is presentable.

The Lawyer's Secret is a thumping melodrama in which Richard Arlen is almost hung for a crime he didn't commit. Clive Brook is the lawyer and Charles "Buddy" Rogers appears in his first serious rôle—that of a cowardly weakling who refuses to confess to save the innocent boy.

The She-Wolf is a sentimental story of a woman financier based on the life of Hetty Green. Some of it is well done, but sentimental outbursts spoil it as a whole.

Woman of All Nations, the latest Flagg and Quirt story, is interesting chiefly because it marks the return to the screen of the incredibly lovely Greta Nissen. Chiefly this film is a pale and heavily censored edition of *The Cock-Eyed World.*



UFA

EMIL JANNINGS, MOOR OF VENICE

In "Der Grosse Tenor" the German actor appears as an opera singer in "Othello"

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The New Books

Juvenilia

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

GRANTING that making a semi-annual survey of new books for young people is a happy exercise, it is likely to be happier if undertaken when summer is coming in than as the holidays are approaching. One misses, of course, the gorgeous picture-books blazing out in time for Christmas; one misses the rush as every publisher strains toward the mark of Children's Book Week, as one misses the bustle of bookshops on the eve of Christmas Eve, from which we emerge—I hope—with a dazed sense that we have bought more books than we intended when we went in. But in compensation we have blessedly fewer books from which to make a fortunate selection. This June there are fewer than there were last June, and it seems as if the fittest might have survived. No doubt plenty of feeble, perfunctory books for children have been published this season, but precious few of them have reached me.

One of Peggy Bacon's illustrations in "The Terrible Nuisance" (Harcourt, Brace)

The arbiter of this desk, as always, is on the lookout for books of distinction, for something with the delicate difference, the certain evidence of vitality, that makes a book one to own and to keep. There is, for example, *The Roving Lobster,* by Arthur Mason (Doubleday, Doran); there's a young story, now, in the rich English of which apparently only the Irish have the secret, about a justly incensed lobster who leaves the sea and in time and through the connivance of a billygoat gets back again; an absurd, convincing tale for any one old enough to read, and I gave myself the pleasure of reading it out loud. As soon as your child is old enough to be taken to a young people's symphony concert or to show any interest in such music over the radio, give him *Making an Orchestra,* by Dorothy B. Commins (Macmillan), a super-picture-book in which the instruments are introduced one by one in drawings and excellent large-type explanations; then come pages of cut-outs, so that you can assemble a complete small orchestra from strings to celeste and conductor, and arrange them properly on a ground plan. As soon as a child listens to any story he can have *The Story of Siegfried,* arranged by Angela Diller (Cape & Smith), a large, light book with sweeping pictures by Lynd Ward, whose story pauses at every important point to give the appropriate motif in musical notation. Do not be afraid of using this too soon in a fairly musical home, or in one that you wish were musical; the first tune that ever my child picked out on the piano was the Grail motif from Parsifal, and she had to reach up to the keyboard to do it. They must begin with something; why not as well Siegfried as syncopation? Small children have a bargain this spring; their beloved books, Anatole France's *Our Children* and *Boys and Girls,* long popular at five dollars a volume, are now published two together for three dollars (Duffield) with the same colored plates of Boutet de Monvel. Also there is a *Picture Book of Robinson Crusoe* (Macmillan) with spacious scenes in tropic reds and blues and smouldering black, by E. M. Verpilleus, and an abridged version to be read aloud. Then the ultimate distillation of Mr. Milne's best books is in the *Christopher Robin Birthday Book* (Dutton), where you look yourself up and get an appropriate sentiment.

At the point where little children leave off being little cluster some admirable books: *The Terrible Nuisance,* by Peggy Bacon (Harcourt, Brace), for instance; short stories of a young family owning the puppy described (by the old gentleman next door) in the libelous words of the title; the conversion of the old chap is the climax of the tale, and there are several other tales quite as good. The author's pictures are like the pictures of nobody else at all. *Alice and Thomas and Jane,* by Enid Bagnold (Knopf), tells of three original and determined children who pause not in carrying out some of the most adventurous ideas in this year's juvenilia; Thomas in especial has a bold mind that takes him from his English home across the Channel for a free, wild French day, including (gulp) snails. *Trott and His Little Sister,* by André Lichtenberger (Viking), is altogether French days; I put it for the moment among the children's books because it is about a charming little French boy and his deliciously bad baby sister, but it is really for parents, especially for parents who would like to begin at the beginning in an understanding of French national psychology. *Sleepy Steve,* by Josef Berger (Minton, Balch), is a funny story of a clown who, because two children can't get to the circus, turns the whole farm where they live into a circus; it has pictures by Dorothy Gay Thomas. *Max,* by Mabelle Halleck St. Clair (Harcourt, Brace), tells the career of a baby bear who becomes such a pet that he has to learn to become a bear; what is it about little black bears, anyway, that makes them irresistible to little white children? And that reminds me that there is a new edition of Blaise Cendrars' *Little Black Stories* (Brewer & Warren) with the unnecessary "for little white children" left off the title and on the jacket my wholehearted statement to the effect that this book is just about right. These are African folk-tales; we have an excellent and unusual collection from Majorca, *Once There Was and Was Not,* by Beatrice J. Dane and George Ezra Dane (Doubleday, Doran), and let us not forget that *Tales of a Basque Grandmother* with the most beautiful book illustrations of last Christmas is still a recent publication (Doubleday, Doran.) Also there is a new edition of Keary's *Heroes of Asgard* (Macmillan) with Brook's colored pictures, and of Bertha Gunterman's *Castles in Spain* (Longmans,

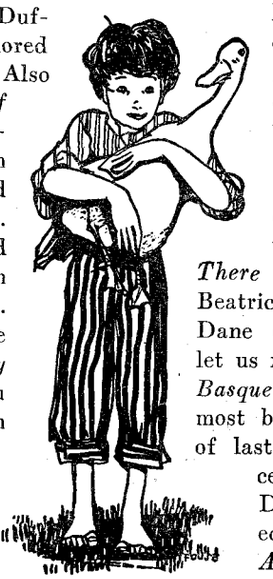

Illustration from "Four Gypsy Children" by Cora Morris (Macmillan)

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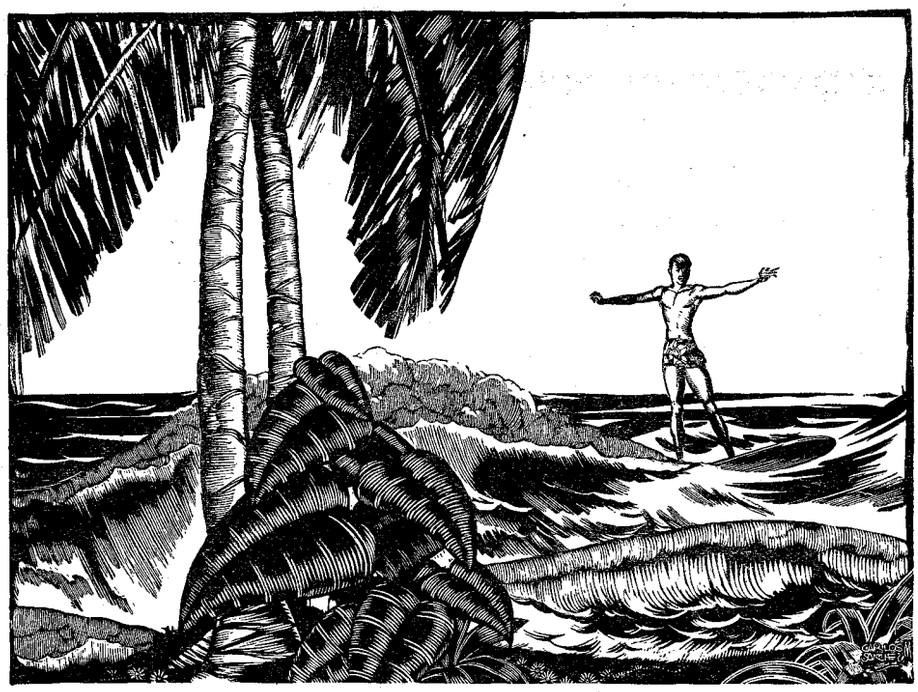
Green), which has the field to itself in this part of the map.

As the teens come in another cluster of good books is waiting. The oftener I reread *Jane's Island,* by Margery Hill Allis (Houghton Mifflin), the better I like it, and it is a good book that will make me reread it at the height of the season. Its scene is Wood's Hole, where Jane, active and downright daughter of a famous scientist, gathers planaria (yes, you find out what they are) to help in his research; it has a well-sustained plot, but its peculiar charm is that it arouses as it goes on the same sort of scientific enthusiasm that it describes. It would be hard to find a better induction to true scientific spirit. *Digging in Yucatan,* by Ann Atell Morris (Doubleday, Doran), is a record of experience by the wife of the engineer recovering the lost world of Chichen Itza; this, too, may be trusted to arouse a genuine sympathy for archaeological research. Digging for lost cities, by the way, is a subject that always fascinates the young; at last some one has seen that facts about it may be even more attractive than fiction based on them. *Swallows and Amazons,* by Arthur Ransome (Lippincott), may be kept on hand for an indefinite period, good one year as another; all children love outdoor stories in which children take care of themselves without adult supervision, in this case on an island, which also helps. Buoyantly written, humorous and human, this story of two bands of pirates of tender years will keep an outdoor twelve-year-old (or even older) caught to the page. As "Trott" opens a window into babyhood, the "Diry" of Sylvia McNeely (Longmans, Green) gives one a look into the mind of a ten-year-old, and as such I heartily recommend it, indeed I practically shove it down the throat of a parent or teacher dealing with this time of life. Sylvia kept a genuine home-consumption diary for a year, honest as Marie Bashkirtseff's and as different from this lady's as two documents can be; indeed, it is nearer what Penrod's might have been.

Jacket design of "Florence Nightingale" by Irene Cooper Willis (Coward, McCann)



From the "Mystery of World's End" by Helen Berger (Longmans, Green)

Adventure and romance is provided for the teens this summer partly by books meant for their elders: *The Lively Lady,* by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, Doran), for example, follows his *Arundel* to a like popularity with readers of American history novels involving rapid romance. Reginald Campbell's *Elephant King* (Doubleday, Doran) would be enjoyed by any one old or young enough for Kipling. *The Call of the Rio Brave,* by Albert E. Bailey (Little, Brown), is the career of a young American bridge-builder in wildest Brazil; *Secret Cargo,* by Howard Pease (Doubleday, Doran), a boy-and-dog story on the seas, alive with thrills. An unusual historical romance is Frederica de Laguna's *The Thousand March* (Little, Brown), the Garibaldi uprising shared by an American young man taking part in the siege of Palermo; another famous siege, that of Constantinople, is the scene of *The Long Defense,* by Friedrich Donauer (Longmans, Green), which admirably sustains one's interest through this tragic and poignant period. Girls have a few adventures of their own: *The Wind from Spain,* by Margaret Aspinwall (Century), in which a girl builds up a new personality after losing memory and identity in a railway smash, and *The Spanish McQuades,* by Mary Dickerson Donahey, for readers old enough to like a story leading to wedding bells.

My favorite biography for young people for the season is Irene Cooper Willis's *Florence Nightingale* (Coward, McCann); it has not only historical value but personal impetus, something that counts in the teens. And my favorite among the season's anthologies is Anne Stokes's little collection, *The Open Door to Poetry* (Scribner), because it is as good for old as for young, and because its two hundred poems are of a kind to impel any young person at all sensitive to beauty and rhythm to go on

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 13.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. Reviewed in this issue.

The Winding Lane, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. A challenge to our "new morality," interestingly written with fine character portrayal. Reviewed April 1.

Non-Fiction

New Russia's Primer, by M. Ilin, translated by Professor Counts and Nucia Lodge: Houghton, Mifflin. Written in clear prose for Russian children by an engineer with poetic vision, this inspiring book about the Five-Year Plan should be of great interest to Americans, young and old.

My Experiences in the World War, by **John J.** Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Green Hell, by Julian Duguid: Century. A story of adventure in the Bolivian jungles which is more absorbing than most fiction. Reviewed April 22.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of **Humanity Uprooted.** Reviewed May 13.

Mexican Maze, by Carleton Beals: Lippincott. An intimate, colorful and impartial study of Mexico and her problems by a sympathetic observer. Reviewed June 3.

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reading for himself along this fair path.

One more point to the favor of this year's output: prices are lower. A good proportion of these I have described cost a dollar and a half or less, and only the largest and grandest touches three-fifty.

The Week's Reading

THE national debt of France is $16,000,000,000. Much of this uncountable sum is overdue the United States for value received and service rendered. It is therefore amazing that a Frenchman of the stamp and stamina of Georges Duhamel, M.D., gallant soldier in the World War, critic of distinction, student of art, and champion of peace among men, should have written such a book as *America the Menace* (Houghton Mifflin, $2). If we take it seriously, it must be set down as the most virulent 216 pages of scandal that have ever been published with America as the source of mortal inspiration. By America M. Duhamel means the United States; Canada, he says, and South America have not yet been seduced.

The idea belabored is that America is gradually conquering the world through its lunatic (all adjectives are Duhamel's) notions and crazy systems, and that should a Frenchman visit this country he should have himself fumigated, deloused, and washed-off before returning to old and noble France, lest some germ of the American poison be carried into a country that will have none of our hideous noises and cloacal stenches.

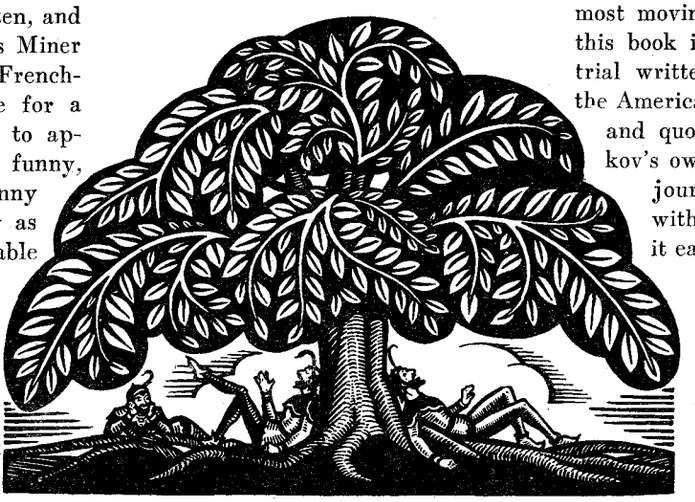
It is old stuff; it has been done many times before; Duhamel's compatriot, André Siegfried, did it latterly, but he did it much better for he wrote with much more moderation. No one need take the book seriously; no one can; it is a burlesque on the side-shows of the American scene, fetchingly written, and admirably translated by Charles Miner Thompson. But how can this Frenchman, after flirting around here for a brief season, expect Americans to appreciate his attempts at being funny, when the things he saw are funny only to a Frenchman, precisely as some of France's most venerable traditions appealed to the untraveled doughboy in the A. E. F. as being fit only for derision?

Logic is France's sole possession; the French admit it. Let us see: M. Duhamel went to Roxy's Theatre. The ugliness and artlessness of it all he found so offensive that he closed his eyes, lest his sensitive soul be crushed, and left before the show was over. Yet he gives us a detailed description of Roxy's, from the entrance on the Avenue to backstage. There is something wrong. He claims that the Old World has the unconquerable spirit, yet the aim of his pert slur is to warn against the encroachments of what passes for civilization in this country. If we have no spirit—and that is the text of the tirade—how is it going to be possible for us to conquer the invincible spirit over there?

His description of the Chicago Stock Yards is penned with downright emotion. Very well, but any sane man would rather eat a good, juicy T-bone steak processed through Chicago than a ham from a horse served up at Deauville. He derides, for no reason whatever, the ice-water taps in our hotels. Very well, but if the French people, uninoculated, drank their own water instead of their wine, they would all become extinct from typhoid within less time than it took to write this monograph. He jokes twice about having taken two baths in one day. Very well, but that is two more than he could take in an entire year in many parts of France. Some of his statements are grotesquely false, as when he says, again twice, that "almost all" of our poets leave the country with bitterness in their hearts against it. He found but one single feature of America that pleased him: the legs of our American women.

It is a pity about this book. It makes wonderfully fascinating reading; it is wholly interesting. But it will only mislead the demi-wits and disappoint the full. In the concluding paragraphs M. Duhamel eructates to the extent of saying that despite all our big monies, there are not ten Americans to whom France would offer a place in her heart or her Pantheon. Keep this up, write a few more books like this, and there will not be ten Americans left who could be cajoled into accepting such affection, or who would care to be buried in the Parisian Walhalla.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.



From "The Merry Ballads of Robin Hood" by Laurabelle Dietrick (Macmillan)

"MEMOIRS of a Terrorist," by Boris Savinkov (A. & C. Boni, $3). Joseph Shaplen, the translator, furnishes a preface and an Epilogue which fill out the Memoirs in which Savinkov wrote of his work as a Terrorist from 1902 to 1909. Even so, one would like to know more about the writing of the Memoirs. It is impossible to doubt their genuineness; the details as to names and the minutest actions of this Terrorist Brigade are convincing. The Socialist-Revolutionary party secretly supported and indirectly furnished funds. Only one man served as a connecting link, the infamous Azev, who for many years was in the full confidence of the Terrorist Brigade and advised and helped them in the assassination of the Russian Minister of the Interior, Von Plehve, of the Grand Duke Sergius, and other killings and attempts. Yet all the time Azev was a police spy, was proven to be a spy, and was expelled from the party. So far as the book shows, Azev was not "executed" by his former comrades, as was at least one of the traitors within the ranks. Father Gapon, the center of the abortive revolution that ended in the terrible slaughter of people on Black Sunday in 1905, also became a spy of the police. Of all Savinkov's band of terrorists, Kaliayev, who was hanged, alone stands out as a consistently devoted and noble-minded man.

After the Revolution of 1917, Savinkov joined the Whites, and began to plot terrorism against the Bolsheviki. He was lured into Russia in 1925, was tried, convicted and sentenced to death, but was, in fact, kept under mild imprisonment. Returning one day from a ride with his guards, he threw himself out of his prison window and died. The most moving and best-written thing in this book is the account of Savinkov's trial written by Mr. Walter Duranty, the American newspaper correspondent, and quoted in the Epilogue. Savinkov's own narrative is too much of a journal, too turgid and crowded with unimportant details, to make it easy reading.

Absolutism and cruelty in the old Russia bred hatred and revenge. The Revolutionists firmly believed that repeated outbreaks and the martyrdom of the throwers of bombs were the only available protest and way to liberty.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

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"FATHER," by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). To find the pure pleasure of light reading, this reviewer knows of no surer place to turn, among the works of contemporaries, than to the novels of "Elizabeth." From her first German garden to her latest Sussex orchard, this witty, gracious lady carries her readers with her over a wise and sharp and gay course. *Father* is the delicious tale of the emancipation of a put-upon young woman, the daughter of a novelist who is the idol of the clever and the demon of the godly. After demanding Jennifer's attention and service during all her blossoming years, Father marries again. The love passages in his books have been getting a little too lush, and for the sake of his art he needs a normal outlet for his feelings. Jennifer is free—or rightly thinks she is entitled to be. She runs away to a Sussex orchard, where the extraordinary behavior of a young clergyman gives her adventure an auspicious opening. Another clergyman and the first one's domineering sister provide complications for the plot. Then father and his bride appear, separately, at Jennifer's cottage.

The bride has discovered that novelists will not stay safely inside their books, and Father has been shocked to find that his bride has a habit of staying near doors, poised for flight. For a while it looks as though Jennifer's adventure were to become only a seven days' wonder in her memory. But Father has exhausted himself in the service of his art, the clergy have had changes of heart, and all ends well. With these fragile threads Elizabeth has made a charming piece of needlepoint, delicate and harmonious in color, valid in design, deft in execution. The spring and summer are not likely to give us a better piece of light fiction.

"FATHER Malachy's Miracle," by Bruce Marshall (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). This is the story of Father Malachy who came out of a Benedictine monastery in the West Highlands to instruct an Edinboro' choir in the Gregorian chant, and who performed, in that decently ordered city and in this year of the Lord, a miracle. The miracle, of course, turned out to be a very inconvenient thing for every one concerned. The theme is familiar. We all know how a miracle, today, would be exploited; who would make fun of it and who would make money out of it; what the press would say, and the pulpit, and the laboratory. All this Mr. Marshall handles deftly, with a neat juxtaposition of points of view and characters. His people, his dialogue and his wit are delightful. He falls sometimes into self-consciousness in his writing, sometimes overweights his irony by playfulness of expression, and sometimes makes his mediaevalism *quaint,* a thing that good mediaevalists deplore. But, on the whole, his sermon is as entertaining as it is well written and wise, and should give readers a good time as well as some good ideas.

"VILLAGE VIRGIN," by Dean Fales: Lincoln Macveagh (Dial Press, $2). Your reviewer's opinion of men has been shaken by this story of a small-town siren and her victims. Shanda's face and figure and her I'll-tell-my-father tactics get her whatever she wants from males of all ages and kinds. After she has passed on to the next victim, each man realizes what a fool Shanda is, and, presumably, what a fool he has been. Booth Tarkington handles such village virgins with greater skill and with a greater effect of reality, but, although a little of it goes a long way, Shanda's conversation is very funny and Dean Fales' record of it is full of chuckles.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

"CUPBOARD LOVE," by Nancy Hoyt (Doubleday, Doran, $2). Love, liquor and blandishments tempt an unwary couple from the path of matrimonial felicity in a four-room apartment on Park Avenue, leaving them, at the end, a little bloody, but unbowed. When the Honorable Deirdre Hayling-Hamill steps off the steamer to the New York pier, she does not wear a Green Hat to distinguish her, yet you recognize her at a glance. With feline grace she descends upon the Sands ménage, discovers Emmy's secrets and punctures Matt's heart. Matt becomes her lover; Emmy goes out for a retaliative pastime. Neither husband nor wife can bear to look each other in the eye. Divorce looms darkling on the horizon. Then, as suddenly as she appeared, the Honorable Deirdre, well-known model of destructive womanhood, collects her paraphernalia and departs whence she came. Speakeasies, in this tale of Miss Hoyt's, play a jocosely demoralizing part. People go straight from speakeasies to the bowwows, that is, chic young people do, in *Cupboard Love.* The drama reaches its crux at the Beaux Arts Ball. Be it said that the author has pinioned this occasion for all time on a few sharp pages. Outside of her description of the ball, however, the tiny realities with which she punctuates her book float off like dizzy puffballs on the wind of fancy.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

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The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 148 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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The publishers of *Flamenco,* by Lady Eleanor Smith, which appeared in our list of Most Discussed Books last week, were incorrectly stated. This book was brought out by Bobbs, Merrill.

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Behind the Blurbs

THE June book of the Scientific Book Club is Earnest A. Hooten's *Up From the Ape*. ☙☙☙ Through an error last week the price of the limited edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, distributed by Random House, was given as $12.50. It should have been $125. ☙☙☙ Not all the merchant adventurers of the 16th and 17th centuries sailed westward. Some sailed east, though less has been written about them. In *Eastward Ho!*[1] are given the stories of five of these men —Richard Chancellor, Anthony Jenkinson, James Lancaster, William Adams and Sir Thomas Roe—the tale of whose adventures is well worth reading. They visited the Indies, Persia, Russia, and even Japan, made treaties with Eastern potentates, and opened up British trade with the Orient. Their courage and resourcefulness bears comparison with that of such better known heroes as Drake and Hawkins. And in this book their story has been written by a competent hand. ☙☙☙ Old legends of ships and the sea have been woven together by one who knows and loves them into an amusing story of what happened to Tommy Lawn, who goes overboard when his steamer strikes an iceberg. He visits *Fiddler's Green*[2], the sailors' heaven, meets Mother Carey, the Old Man of the Sea, Davy Jones and The Man Who Flogged the Dolphin, gets a view of the famous Locker, and has various adventures which should please those who like to see the old tales preserved, tales and myths of the sea that began to die out when steam conquered the ocean. ☙☙☙ J. J. Connington's name on the jacket is always assurance that the yarn is competently put together. Here's *The Boathouse Riddle*[3], in which it looks pretty black for young Keith-Westerton when one of his keepers is found down by the edge of the lake with a hole in his head. It might have been an accident, of course, but then why are there no fingerprints on the keeper's gun? And where was Keith-Westerton that night? And who stole the phonograph motor from the Squire's boathouse? And why are there pearls belonging to Mrs. K.-W. all over the place? If Sir Clinton Driffield hadn't been staying with the Squire these questions might never have been answered. But you follow along with him as step by step he unravels the truth from the snarl of facts and lies and half-truths that are presented, and come at last to a perfectly logical conclusion that will leave you with a feeling of satisfaction that you don't always get from detective stories. ☙☙☙ First Dudley Ralston had his head chopped practically off, then Wilfrid was shot. These were *The Bell Street Murders*[4]. Wilfrid had invented a screen that movie magnates were about to pay a million pounds for. The formula for this was left with Evelyn, who in an effort to find the murderer spent an evening with Prof. Blinkwell in Wilfrid's quarters—rather foolish, we thought at the time, and so it turned out, for she lost the end of her little finger before she got out. All these goings-on make a very good thriller by S. Fowler Wright, whose *Deluge* you may remember. ☙☙☙ *The Murder of a Midget*[5] is a sideshow thriller, with snake charmers, living skeletons and others as the dramatis personae. The body of Sarza, a midget, is found in a doll carriage by a girl named Jado, who at 26 was the best reporter in Texas. (Oh, well, you have to accept these things in thrillers. Personally, we never heard a newsboy shout anything that sounded like "Wuxtree!" but maybe they do in Tex.) The circus owner, coroner and prosecutor insist that the death was due to heart failure, but Jado and her grandma, who is a hard-boiled but ladylike old gal, have ideas about a big drug ring. Then begins the scurrying around and shooting, ending when grandma herself has the fun of plugging the head criminal. Good, swift action in this one, and a gent who bites off his own tongue rather than confess. ☙☙☙ *Happy Sinner*[6], the story of a romantic girl and of three brothers who loved her in different ways, and whom she loved in as many ways, is light but not frothy. The scenes and conversation are bright, easy and natural, and the characters well drawn. The author has a strong visual sense, which makes for color but not for depth in her writing. WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Foster Rhea Dulles: Houghton Mifflin, $5.00.
2. By Albert R. Wetjen: Little Brown, $2.00.
3. Little Brown, $2.00.
4. Macauley, $2.00.
5. By Martin Joseph Freeman: Dutton, $2.00.
6. By Elizabeth Hamilton Herbert: Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.

"The Terrible Nuisance" (Harcourt, Brace)

Music

Notable New Recordings

I DON'T know what the German for "torch song" is. I doubt if they do themselves, but I have just come across a mädchen who can certainly sing them. Her name is Greta Keller and she promises (so far as records are concerned) to be even more of a pain in the neck to Marlene Dietrich than the latter is to Greta Garbo. It will be some time before she makes any American records, I am afraid, but the more enterprising of our readers who wish to hear *Love for Sale* properly (by which I mean correctly) sung should go to a great deal of bother and have some importer get it for them. On the other side of this disk is *Jeder Tag hat 24 Stunden*[1], rendered in somewhat lighter mood.

But to find out why *die* Dietrich should be annoyed, however, you should get her singing *Wenn ich mir was wünschen dürfte*[2] on Electrola and then listen to what Fräulein Keller does to it for Ultraphon.[3] The latter has what the officials at the Ultraphon studio assured me is the perfect microphone voice; it is low—low as either Garbo's or Dietrich's when she wants it to be—but it has real musical quality as well. In addition Greta Keller has such good diction that every word is clear to me, both in her German and English recordings.

SPEAKING of Ultraphon officials reminds me that I have another theory as to why European recordings are often so much better than ours. It is because of the atmosphere of the studios. I have visited Parlophone in London and Ultraphon in Berlin and a sharper contrast to our methods could hardly be imagined.

Over here nobody is in any particular hurry. If it doesn't come out right after seven or eight tries, what of it? Let's go down to the beer garden outside the front door, have a *seidl* of Pschorr-Bräu and try it again. In Camden everything is terrifyingly efficient and everybody tells you how much it costs to run the apparatus for five minutes and I'm sure any sensitive artist takes quite a while to get over his fright —if ever.

To revert: look out for that *Wenn ich mir was wünschen dürfte* chant. It's bound to become a nuisance, but you'll never hear it better sung than by Greta Keller.

O. C.-T.

1. Ultraphon A. 902.
2. Electrola 2265.
3. Ultraphon A. 901.

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▸▸ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◂◂

By W. R. BROOKS

IF YOUR milkman leaves your daily quart out on the back porch, where it is exposed to the sun and the depredations of wandering flies, there is a little jacket of paper you can get that slips down over it and protects it. The paper contains asbestos, which helps keep the milk from souring in summer and freezing in winter. It is easy to wash.

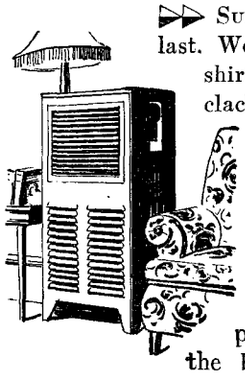
▸▸ CHEMISTS' fees are today one of the largest factors in the high cost of drinking. Five dollars for blindness insurance added to the cost of each case runs up the price of exhilaration pretty high. But we have recently seen a little package containing certain chemicals with which you can test those just-off-the-boat beverages for wood alcohol. Each package contains sufficient sets to test six samples of licker. And you only have to use 6 or 7 drops of your precious licker, too. You pour the contents of three little phials into the sample, and if it turns purple—well, then you'd better stick to ginger ale for the rest of the evening. Chem-Test is the name of the package. It will show the presence of wood alcohol, acetone, and the aldehydes—oh, yes, you know the aldehydes, don't you? Of course, we believe there are other injurious things found in bad liquor—things which Chem-Test won't reveal. But according to the manufacturer, "there is small probability that any quantity of toxic substance sufficient to cause more than a temporary indisposition would be in a liquid without there also being present sufficient of the substances found by Chem-Test to cause the warning color to show in the test tube." One of these little packages would make a nice hostess gift.

▸▸ THERE seem to be more varieties of clothes driers on the market than of practically any other article. Here's a folding rack that can be adjusted to fit over a bath tub of any width. It has 27 feet of rustless line. And its name, as you have no doubt guessed, is the Uneek Tub Drip Clothes Drier. Goodness, what names won't they think up next for these trick gadgets!

▸▸ THE Dromedary people — you know, the ones that ride around on camels, picking dates, have brought out something called Frostettes, with which you can decorate pies, cakes, ice cream—or your front sidewalk, if you want to, for that matter. It's fine-grained cocoanut in pink, orange, white or toasted. We don't just know about that toasted variety, not having seen it. Couldn't the Lucky Strike people cause the Dromedary people some trouble if they use that word?

▸▸ EVEN a picture of a new portfolio we have seen wouldn't help you to see what it is like, but take it from us, it is very ingenious and highly practical. It is made entirely of leather—no metal touches the skin, and folds in a very complicated way so that, closed, it can't possibly spill its contents, and, open, all the papers are fully visible. Cowhide or pigskin, and fitted with a lock if you carry that kind of document.

▸▸ DO YOU know about photomurals? Well, it seems that the Eastman Kodak Company made some experiments which led to a method of producing enlarged photographs in panel strips, 40 inches wide, adapted to any wall measurements. These panels can reproduce paintings, fairy story illustrations, and so on, or can be used in carrying out an idea already proved to have unusual decorative value. Graceful draperies, for instance, can be photographed and reproduced in just the widths which are required by the walls.



▸▸ SUMMER has come at last. We sit here in our shirtsleeves, and the clack of our typewriter is underscored by the whir of an electric fan and punctuated by the splash of large drops of perspiration. It's the bath tub or the movies for us this evening if we want to keep cool. Unless we can scrape together an initial payment on one of the objects we have had illustrated for you here, which is a Frigidaire Room Cooler. It measures a little under four feet in height, is 22⅜ inches wide and 21¾ inches deep, made of metal in ungrained mahogany finish, and has a silent fan which pulls in warm air, cools it, takes the moisture out of it, and pushes it back out into the room. It's not as pretty to look at as a sea beach or a pine wood, but it will keep you just as cool, for it has a capacity of 450 cubic feet a minute. Mop your forehead and think it over.

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Prose and Worse

MR. MAURICE SAGOFF, whose entry was runner-up in the Remarkable Remarks contest recently, sent with it the following comment:

"Life will be an easy matter
When we've lost the urge to drink;
When we hold (with Bishop Lawrence)
Liquors all in strict abhawrence,
When we've trained us not to chatter,
Nor to even think; . . .
Day of days!—But until then,
Waiter, set them up again!"

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Reading Laurence Stallings' attempt in the *Sun* at a critical estimate of Jim Tully's work, we find this sentence: "It is his third quality of humor which, I suspect, Mr. Mencken finds the professors undiscerning." Does he mean "failing to discern"? Reading on, we come to: "I suppose it is hard for the professors, fed upon George Borrow and the Russians, and possibly dipping in the Davies *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp,* and probably knowing the excellent gentleness of Harry Kemp's *Tramping on Life,* to consider Tully's brutal humors, sometimes exaggerated prose, and at all times bitter, vivid appraisals of society as stuff worth this critical essay that Mr. Mencken scornfully laments." Some sentence! And it was, as a matter of fact, the *absence* of a critical essay that was lamented. But we spit on our hands and plough on. And come to this: "Sometimes Tully, hurling out metaphors of the most annoyingly lofty flights of rhetoric, grieves me, who up to then has been wallowing in the gutter of his fancies." There we become completely bogged, and stop. What kind of writing is this? How can a man who is so lacking in feeling for the right word, so little at home in his native language, have the temerity to sit in judgment on any other writer? Book reviews today are, as a rule, pretty well written. The general run of reviewers are fluent, entertaining, and able to give you some idea of what a book is about. This is about all the reader can expect. One reviewer, no matter how erudite, can scarcely be expected to give on successive days really expert judgment on a book on Africa, a translation of a novel by Gide, a life of Robert E. Lee and a history of philosophy. But he can be expected to think clearly as far as he goes, and to express himself in English.

Now, it is true, Mr. Stallings doesn't always write as badly as this. Perhaps it was an off day, perhaps it was dictated and not read. Nevertheless we insist that such writing is inexcusable.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

▸▸ The Latest Plays ◂◂

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, when I was a somewhat unattentive child at his knee in New Haven, used to lecture to us on Tennyson and Browning. Had he stuck to his subject he might have done a lot of good in bringing to the attention of otherwise unaesthetic fullbacks the fact that there are such things as poets. However, he brought out a recurring theme—just how, I don't know, as I was always asleep when it began—about music being a universal language, which, by its very absurdity, often aroused me to drowsy remonstrance. What on earth could Ravel or Louis Armstrong mean to an untutored (in that respect) Hindu? Every so often, nevertheless, an artistic creation occurs which transcends the limits of language, or any other ordinary means of transferring ideas or emotions from one being to another and is felt to be inevitably right and complete from a human rather than a national standpoint.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Pleasant little comedy of life in Paris and Dubuque.
Five Star Final: The season's most intense and exciting American play.
Girl Crazy: Gershwin score with Willie Howard and Ethel Merman.
Grand Hotel: Effective continental melodrama on a revolving stage.
Melo: American production of Henry Bernstein's problem play with Edna Best, Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore as three sides of the eternal triangle.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental English comedy well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Practically everything that should be said at the expense of Hollywood.
Precedent: Dramatic presentation of the record of the Mooney-Billings case.
Private Lives: The season's most amusing comedy—with Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Absorbing, if unpleasant, play with Katharine Cornell brilliant.
The Green Pastures: Now well into its second year and deservedly so.
The Silent Witness: A well-acted crime play that does not insult the intelligence.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson practically the whole of a novel piece.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious work.
Vinegar Tree: Gay farce about Long Island. Worth seeing.

Owing to the combined efforts of Gustav Holst, the Englishman of half Germanic parentage who composed the music; Harold Kreutzberg, who arranged the choreography and danced the final episode; Emil Pirchan, whose scenery took an active part in the performance (it actually moved in and out and up and down on cue!); and the artists of the ballet troupe of the Berlin State Opera Company and Orchestra, the ballet, *Die Planeten,* becomes a thrilling entity which any South African child who had ever wondered about the stars would like and in which perhaps even Einstein would be interested. The music, which was originally a symphonic poem in seven parts, is clarified and intensified by the dancing and the beautifully expressive and mobile scenery. It is difficult to imagine its being performed in New York. The Stage Hands' Union regulations do not include requiring the members either to know how to read a score so as to move scenery when the music calls for it without dropping the curtain or to pay attention to any one who does know when it should be done. Before leaving the Berlin State Opera, more than a word of tribute should be uttered about the lighting of Rudolf Klein. What the Germans use for money to achieve all this nowadays I don't know, but I suggest that Signor Gatti-Cazzaza prevail upon Mr. Otto Kahn to use some money to achieve a similar effect at the Met.

Richard Tauber, unassisted by anything except Franz Lehar's excellent score, is having another international success at the Drury Lane Theatre in London in *The Land of Smiles.* In this case the libretto is of the shoddiest, the settings clumsy and unimaginative, although dealing with Vienna and China, and there is a heroine-soprano with more than a little of Helen Gahagan's "r"-trilling technique and a tendency to flat as well. Never mind. Herr Tauber's voice is as advertised. They don't advertise his figure and his handling of it about the stage. Even if they did, the way he sings *Immer nur lacheln* and *Dein ist mein ganzes Herz* (in German while everybody else is illogically speaking and singing English) makes the huge Drury Lane audience forget it all and be glad they are there to hear Tauber sing Lehar.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Policeman

ANY ONE walking past the policeman on his beat would have noticed him; not just because he was young and handsome—though he was both young and handsome—and not because of the way he carried himself either, which was with a certain assurance and elegance. No; the quality which would have caught your eye (if you are what I suppose you to be) was rather a quality of the spirit. There was a kind of spiritual fastness about him. Everything was all settled. Somewhere in his soul he was sure.

Passing him, you would have clutched at that fixed, serene quality as at a spar. Where, you would have asked yourself quickly and desperately, did he find it? Why, the fellow looks as though he knows the answer to everything!

It was true. From the time of his birth the policeman had made one startling discovery; but he had made it over and over again. There was an answer to everything. There was an authority on every subject. There was a head to every department. Slowly and cautiously he had followed it up.

Sure enough, a man had never to worry his head about religion. There would be always the priest, knowing more than himself, and back of the priest the grand figure of the Pope, knowing everything. Or if it was his health giving him trouble, was there not a hospital graduating doctors every minute? The body and soul could set themselves at rest then; and if it came to the mind—like legal questions—there was the police, with the judge behind him and the mayor and governor over all.

It was a fascinating thought; and as he grew to manhood following it out along one line and another he found to his wonder and delight that he was never disappointed. All any fellow had to do was learn the addresses of the proper authorities and he could never fall into trouble.

Small wonder that upon maturity he himself had joined the police force! And as time went on he found his calling cut out for him. It was his pride that any question which he might fail to answer he could at once refer to an authority.

When his moment of trial came to him at last, it came quickly and unexpectedly.

It was on a day in early spring, and there was little trouble on his beat. Until the shriek.

It was a shriek so wild and disorganized that even the policeman's quiet blood was curdled for a second. Then he lifted his eyes and saw the vision.

She was young and she was lovely, and she came flying towards him through the spring air like a wild and desperate Diana. And though he was himself no authority upon dress, he could see at first glance that the goddess was up town; and demented. Whoever had been troubling her had driven her demented.

But he could think no further, for she had reached him, had flung herself upon him, grasping him and babbling hysterically.

"Officer—officer—telephoning—in a booth—and he—he sprang at me—officer—inside my dress—help! Save me!"

The policeman shook her firmly. "Who?" he demanded. "Where?"

The goddess shrieked again—"In my dress!" she moaned. "A mouse!" and then collapsed.

For the first time in the policeman's life, a long, sick shudder shook his spine. His first impulse, which he mastered with an abrupt shock, was to tear the lovely clothes from off her body. His next impulse, horrifying him even as it rose, and sank, was to follow desperately after the marauding mouse. His third impulse, for which there was no time, was to wipe his brow and think.

Instead of these he groaned inaudibly and held her fast. He had never been told what to do—he must think. The judge—the mayor—was there no answer to this question? Was his brain reeling finally? Was his world collapsing?

With an heroic effort he collected his despairing wits. Mind, soul and body, he repeated to himself; the Pope—the governor—

He had it now. Calmly and forcibly he led her staggering beside him to the corner, down a side street and up the doctor's steps. With only a few quiet words he handed her into the arms of the doctor's nurse. And then he waited near the door.

But when all was over—the invader caught and killed—the girl revived and set upon her feet again—she flew past the policeman and was gone as breathlessly as she had flown into his arms. No name—no word—no look.

Nevertheless, the policeman was untroubled. He followed slowly to the sidewalk and steadfastly took up his beat. He was by way of becoming, perhaps, an authority.

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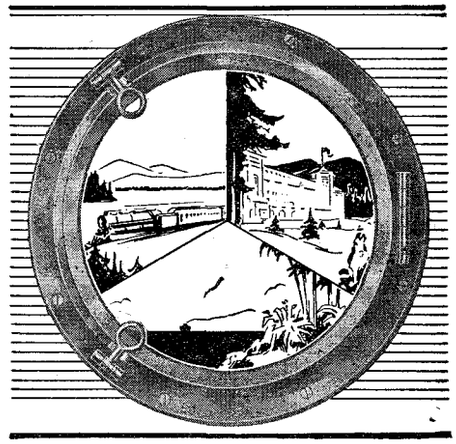

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The history of the St. Lawrence River is vividly recalled to the present day "voyageur" as he sails from the Thousand Islands down the river into the great Gulf of St. Lawrence and on to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. ¶ The mind's eye sees Indians . . . French padres . . . Soldiers of England and of France . . . Evangeline . . . Fur traders . . . an endless line of settlers . . . all melting into the background of this proudest river of Canada. ¶ The regular services place this wonderful river voyage within reach of a large section of Eastern United States. ¶ There are special river cruises, and from New York cruises to Montreal, both all water or a combination of land and sea. ¶ Others to Yarmouth and Halifax, Nova Scotia, and St. John, New Brunswick. ¶ For details and prices on these cruises or for any other travel information write Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

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The Past Musical Season

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

SPRING is here, bringing with it love, pneumonia and the close of a musical season which has been an interesting one in the concert hall, but much less so in the operatic field.

Concerts, on the average, were good. The Philharmonics were admirably played and conducted. A new leader to our public, Erich Kleiber, made an excellent impression: to him, incidentally, belongs the credit of introducing New York to the music of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck,* undoubtedly the most important modern operatic score. Toscanini seems, if possible, to gain year by year in the exquisite clarity and balance of his conducting; he is, in these respects, almost unique today. A few concerts were conducted by Leopold Stokowski, who suffered somewhat by comparison—what conductor would not? His Philadelphia band, to which he is more accustomed, maintained its usual high standard of excellence, the programs, happily, leaning less than in the previous year to that type of modern music which seeks to make a quality of impotence. There was also a conductor new to our audiences, though a resident of New York. Theophil Wendt, in a single appearance with a hastily assembled orchestra, created an impression of unusual ability combined with a sound and refined musicianship: we shall hope to hear much more of him next year. The Boston Symphony concerts, under Koussevitzky, were, as usual, rather uneven, but achieved, at times, a high level of performance. The comparatively new Manhattan Symphony, under Hadley's baton, showed steady progress, and their next season should still further establish them in well-deserved popularity.

The programs, while not uninteresting, were made up in the main either of the well-tried classics or the ultra-modern. Many great composers of the years between were unhappily neglected. It is true that we have heard one Bruckner symphony, and have been vouchsafed a little Sibelius, but not enough. Yet why, for example, do we never have an opportunity to hear Vincent d'Indy's great *Symphony in B Flat?* Or Ernest Chausson's fine work in this form? Or the two magnificent ones—especially the first—by Edward Elgar, the one and only symphonic composer of real stature yet produced by the Anglo-Saxon race? His superb *Dream of Gerontius,* supreme even in the present-day oratorio field, and *The Apostles,* but little inferior, have been slighted for many years by our larger local organizations, whose programs seem to be rigorously restricted to Bach and Handel. Why, too, sing nothing but religious music? Are we never to listen to any of the fine secular works for large chorus, such as Kurt Schindler used to give us? Wolf-Ferrari's *La Vita Nuova,* Charpentier's *La Vie du Poete* or Strauss' *Taillefer* are all master works which it is little short of criminal to neglect. And they are pieces which may safely be counted on to produce their full effect upon the audience, given even a respectable performance. But our local choruses seem to be committed to the theory that the composition of fine choral music ceased with the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Metropolitan Opera House season was more than usually dull, a considerable achievement. Worthy of comment was the advent of a genuinely fine coloratura soprano, Mlle. Lily Pons, the first in many years.

Only one new opera of importance was produced. *Peter Ibbetson,* by Deems Taylor, while proving the composer's cultured taste and complete mastery of the operatic style, still somewhat lacked the divine fire, in spite of the fact that its subject and libretto were well-nigh ideal. Suppe's *Boccaccio* was dragged from its dusty shelf to furnish an appropriate vehicle for the activities of Mme. Jeritza. This lady, in poker parlance, held two fine pairs—lungs and legs; and drew, of course, a full house. The most worthwhile of modern music-dramas, *Wozzeck,* was given under Stokowski in Philadelphia—a single performance, before an audience comprising most of New York's musical élite, who journeyed thither by special train, well knowing that there would never be a chance to hear a work of such moment at home under Mr. Gatti-Casazza, whose idea of our local taste in European operatic novelties appears to be expressed by such musical excrescences as *Jonny Spielt Auf.* Let the other cities do the interesting new works, but the Metropolitan? Perish the thought!

We have had two visiting opera companies deserving of attention. A Russian organization contributed passable performances of fine and most unfamiliar national works. Later, we were visited by a German troupe which, in spite of such handicaps as an inadaptable house, an insufficient orchestra, and audiences whose pitiful smallness was doubtless due in part to vitriolic and undeserved vituperation from certain critical quarters, produced Wagner operas with a thoroughly refreshing vitality and enthusiasm; also introducing us to a Wagner conductor of a caliber seldom met with in these days, Max von Schillings. May he soon return!

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 179)

account for its delayed *début.* In deference to this peculiar hazard, the exacting stroke and distance penalty for a shot out of bounds was rescinded at Carnoustie. A ball over the fence costs its owner one stroke instead of the conventional two.

Harry Vardon, an old man now, protested against what he called "a golfing sacrilege." "Why coddle championship contestants?" demanded the six-time winner of the British Open, who once played a year and a half without being off the fairway. Boundary stakes never worried Harry.

The out-of-bounds penalty has always seemed to me unduly severe. After all, the most dufferish mistake a golfer can make is to miss the ball completely. That egregious error costs him only one stroke as against the double penalty for a shot out of bounds. In the latter case you've at least connected with the ball. Perhaps the rule makers felt that the dub who can't even hit the ball, let alone slice it, suffers sufficiently from sins of commission without being penalized two strokes for an error of omission.

One-Horse Stable

WALTER HARNED rode Dr. Charlie (a cheap selling plater on the bush league tracks) through a narrow gap by the rail at Kansas City last week to win a 280-dollar purse. That may sound com-

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monplace enough, but a human interest story lies between the lines.

Harned and Dr. Charlie comprise a unique partnership. They are a one-man-one-horse stable. The former is owner, jockey and trainer combined; the latter does the running. Dr. Charlie, a brown gelding, had been consigned to the equine equivalent of the junk pile when Harned bought him for a song. Nursed back to racing form, Dr. Charlie has repaid his benefactor.

This one-horse stable hasn't much of an overhead judged by ordinary racing standards, but even a single nag has to eat. A feed bill prompted Harned's daredevil ride. It was a question of winning that modest purse or having his horse attached by the sheriff. Harned weighs only 108 pounds despite his 40 years. Dieting is more or less automatic in his case, for purses are slim and far between. Dr. Charlie is really one of the family. He travels in a one-stall trailer coupled to the motor van which serves as a home on wheels for Walter Harned, his wife and daughter. The last frontier has long since vanished, but the covered-wagon spirit still lives.

▶▶*Golf for Schoolboys*

Sir Ernest Holderness, one of England's crack amateur golfers, blames the failure of Britain to win a single Walker Cup team match on the restrictions laid upon golf by the English schools.

Golf has been called derisively "an old man's pastime." True, it can be played reasonably well by persons far past their athletic prime, but in a competitive sense golf is distinctly a young man's game. Most of the recent champions—Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Leo Diegel, Johnny Farrell, Horton Smith, George Von Elm and Jess Sweetser were on the sunny side of thirty when they won their titles.

"Catch 'em young" is the recipe for making super-golfers, and right there is where Great Britain is at a disadvantage. The English "public schools" (corresponding to our private ones) discourage golf on the ground that it is a "selfish sport." English schoolmasters emphasize team games, such as rugger, cricket, rowing and soccer, believing that these promote self-sacrificing coöperation and loyalty to a common cause. Pupils are not permitted to play golf or tennis in the regular recreational periods. They are required to participate in intramural games. Even in Scotland, where scholastic golf is tolerated, rugger and cricket come first. After all, Wellington did not say, "Waterloo was won on the links of Sandwich and St. Andrews."

"Golf accoutrement," says Holderness, "is considered bad form in a schoolboy's locker at Eton, Harrow or Rugby. Those who would dabble in this reprehensible diversion must squeeze in a surreptitious round after hours. Hence it happens that the American amateur is a polished stylist, a finished golfer, when his British cousin is just beginning to take up the game seriously."

Drinking Mothers

(Continued from Page 175)

serving her children far better than she thinks in her moments of sober contrition. If the strait-laced women of other generations had not utterly failed to instill a desire to adhere to their Puritanical standards, the excesses into which the world has plunged would not be possible. Since precept and decorous example produced results diametrically opposed to their purpose, it seems entirely likely that the absence of precept and the substitution of unworthy example may produce a salutary paradox in character development. I have seen very little children blossom into precocious maturity as they have walked backward to throw a garment over their mother's nakedness. But is this reversal of the positions of protector and protected, which cuts short the young animal's care-free years, fair either to the mother or to the child?

Many women who drink too much on occasion are in other respects excellent mothers. With bursting heads they drag themselves out of bed the morning after to preside over the breakfast table, to pack school lunches, and to find coats, hats, and rubbers. They sew buttons on their children's clothes, darn socks, and in general look well to the ways of their households. Though they may forfeit a measure of their children's respect, they seem never to forfeit their children's love.

Despite all her efforts to atone in service and devotion, the drinking mother knows that she has lost something for which there can be no compensating gain: under the influence of too many cocktails she has shown her children the real woman under the veneer and has destroyed for them the mother-ideal which in her heart of hearts she wants to maintain. Personally, I am all for a few repressions. They oil the machinery of personal relationships, and they cause the wheels of discipline to turn more smoothly. The woman who has been caught by her children unrepressed and uninhibited has permanently weakened her position. After all, it isn't self-respect—if any—that cures the natural inferiority complex of the race but a belief that we have impressed others with our superiority. The drinking mother knows that her children have seen her nakedness, which no garment can ever again completely cover.

Let the moralists concern themselves with the solution. Certainly I have none to offer. The drinking mother has gained a few things by her occasional intemperance, and she has lost others. It is for her to decide whether or not the price she pays the fiddler is too high. The problem is one with which the individual woman must grapple. Only in rare cases is she in danger of converting her social drinking into habitual intoxication. She is not seriously injuring the race, for her children will probably turn out to be vastly superior to her. But in the years to come will she regret that the legend of saintly womanhood no longer inspires the poet and the Mother's Day orator and that her children's children will not be nurtured upon the myth that deals with her perfection?

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of June 6, 1951

For the seventeenth consecutive time, Representative Hope introduced last Thursday in the House a bill to draft immediately into the Army as combatants all Congressmen who may vote in favor of a declaration of war.

Silas T. Bascomb, the celebrated Nebraska wheat farmer, received blue ribbons last week at the Lancaster County Fair for his exhibits of asparagus, potatoes, peas, walnuts and hogs.

According to the former manager of the defunct Bureau for the Importation of European Lecturers, Inc., the failure of the enterprise was entirely the result of the development of television.

The Passing of King Wheat

(Continued from Page 173)

clubs, in which head and hands and heart and health are developed by working out projects on their home farms. They are typical of the new farmer, who achieves a high output, low costs and creditable earnings. This spring a million tractors were at work turning over the soil for low-cost crops. If all the agricultural news you hear is bad news, don't lose faith in farming, nor in farmers. It isn't in fashion just now to circulate the good news about farming. But the new dollars come from the soil. Agriculture always has been, is now, and always will be, the backbone of American prosperity.

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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

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